WRIGHT'S

Is the ORIGINAL and ONLY GENUINE

Coal Tar Soap

For nearly 60 Years it has
had the recommendation of

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

Canadian Fur Co.

Great SALE of FURS

At REDUCED PRICES.

In spite of the recent great increase in the price of raw skins, all this Season's Models will be offered at special and reduced prices unequalled elsewhere.

Astounding Reductions to be had in **Skunk, Black Fox, Black Wolf, White Fox,** etc., **Sets.**

Wonderful Bargains in **Seal Musquash, Natural Musquash, Black Pony** and **Seal Coney Coats.**

Excellent variety of **Ties, Muffs** and **Stoles** in Skunk, Fox, Skunk Opossum, Wolf and Natural Opossum Sets.

FUR REPAIRS AND ALTERATIONS
At Special Sale Prices.
Wonderful Results Obtained.

"Ripley K"

30, Edgware Road, W.2 12 doors from Marble Arch.

Derry & Toms

Great Winter Sale throughout January

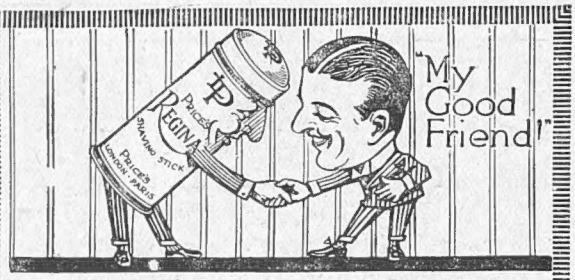
Wonderful price reductions at Kensington's Old Store celebrate the arrival of Peace Year.
Write for Winter Sales Catalogue.

Remnants Half Price Thursdays
Commencing Jan. 9th.

Treats for the Kiddies. Madame de Brissac's Children's Ballet in the Concert Room, 3—4. Invitations in exchange for visiting card, at the Library, First Floor.

The Indian Magician in the wonderful Eastern Street, until Jan. 10th.

Kensington High St. W. 8



The Stick to Stick to!

¶ Because it lathers readily and profusely in hot or cold water—

¶ Because its lather does not quickly dry—

¶ Because it is fragrant, and the most *economical* shillingsworth of its kind

PRICE'S

1/- *REGINA* 1/-

SHAVING STICK

is

The Stick to Stick to.

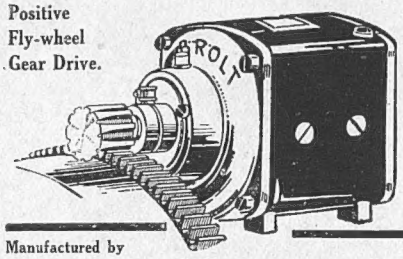
You work up a lather in a very few moments, and ensure for yourself a luxurious shave, for

REGINA RULES THE BEARD!

Made by

PRICE'S, BATTERSEA, S.W. 11.

Positive Fly-wheel Gear Drive.



The

Brolt Electric Starter

Manufactured by Brolt, Ltd., Birmingham.

The BROLT is the surest and most powerful "self-starter" obtainable. The most intractable engine responds instantly to a touch of its switch; it NEVER fails. You simply press the switch from the driving seat and the engine starts—every time.

The BROLT Self-Starter with the positive gear drive has long passed the new and experimental stage—its superiority and general trustworthiness have been conclusively proved by thousands of satisfied users everywhere.

You can therefore adopt the BROLT with confidence. It is the best by test—to-day as it was years ago.

Write to-day for the "Brolt" Catalogue. It will be found full of interesting diagrams and careful descriptions. Certainly every motorist should possess a copy.

BROWN BROS., Ltd.,

GREAT EASTERN STREET, LONDON. E.C.2

Showrooms: 15, NEWMAN STREET, W.1.

Depots at DEANSGATE, MANCHESTER: PARIS and MELBOURNE.

Bernard Weatherill

Civil and Military Tailor.

Your Tailor for "Civies"

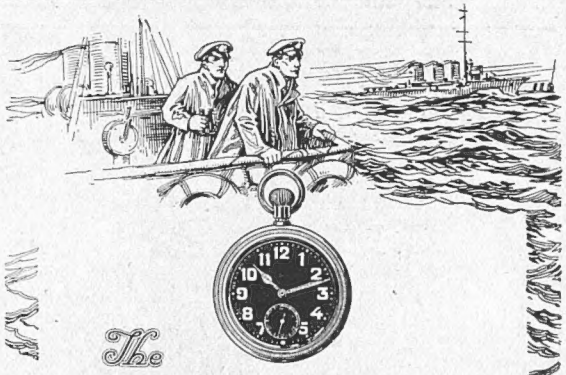
A GREAT name has been made by Mr. Bernard Weatherill as a military tailor, and as in war time so now in peace time the same staff of expert cutters and workers are busy, under Mr. Weatherill's personal supervision, attending to mufti requirements of officers and others. A choice selection of the best materials is in stock, and the important question of deciding upon a reliable tailor for "Civies" can be easily settled by a visit to Mr. Weatherill.

A FEW PRICES.

Lounge suits from -	*£8 8 0*
Overcoats from - -	*£6 16 6*
Dress Suits from -	*£10 10 0*

55, CONDUIT STREET, W.1

Ascot: Bridge House. Aldershot: 11, High Street. Camberley: 51, London Road.



The

LOG WATCH

DAMP-PROOF AT SEA. DUST-PROOF ON LAND.

WHEN it is absolutely essential that you should have the *exact* time under any and every condition you should possess a Log Watch.

You can depend upon it always—it is damp and dust proof, perfect in workmanship, and is supplied in either Black or White dial with luminous figures and hands.

Silver, Black Dial, £7·7·0 Post free.

Silver, White Dial, £7·0· Post free.

If he's at sea, then send one to him.

JAMES WEIR 66 Buchanan St GLASGOW

GOOCHS
VOGUE & VALUE

The Opportunity for School Outfits

THIS WEEK, Goochs show their Boys' Outfitting, which covers the needs of all Public or Preparatory School Wear, at practical prices.

GOOCHS "RUGBY" a recognised and popular style for Preparatory School wear, stocked in Scotch and Irish Tweeds, specially selected for durability. In a variety of good colourings
From **68/-**

WHILST this boys' clothing well maintains the traditional Gooch notes of style, correctness, and reliability in wear, the stocks are not unlimited. Buy this week and secure your exact requirements, rather than risk the necessity of compromise later. Prices are the limit of true economy.

Any difficulties are quickly solved by a few words with the "Schools Outfit Adviser."

GOOCHS' WINTER SALE begins on Monday, January 6

GOOCHS Ltd

BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W. 3.

HARVEY NICHOLS
OF KNIGHTSBRIDGE

GREAT ANNUAL WINTER SALE

NOW PROCEEDING

AND CONTINUES UNTIL JANUARY 18.

Customers are reminded that all goods offered in this Sale are our regular reliable stock, and marked at genuine reductions.

AN EXAMPLE IN THE OUTFITTING DEPARTMENT.

USEFUL WOOL STOCKINETTE SPORTS COAT,
Suitable for full figure, similar to illustration. In Purple, Mauve, Navy, Grey, Rose, Black, Champagne, and Saxe. Raglan Sleeves.
Usual Price 49/9. **Sale Price 39/9**

Many other designs in pull-over shapes from **49/9.**

NO SALE CATALOGUE ISSUED.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., Ltd., Knightsbridge, S.W.1.

Mothers of Growing Boys

SAVE £5
ON YOUR
BOY'S SCHOOL OUTFIT
BY BRINGING HIM TO

Samuel Brothers
UNIVERSAL OUTFITTERS LTD

SALE.

Our 80 years' tradition of only making the very best Clothes that can be produced is your guarantee of satisfaction.

WRITE FOR SPECIAL SALE LIST.

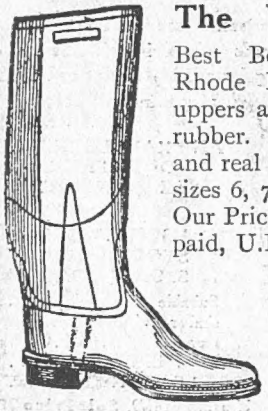
LUDGATE HILL & OXFORD CIRCUS

GAMAGES

Great Sale of

Rubber Top Boots

At Less than Manufacturers' Cost.



The Wellington Boot

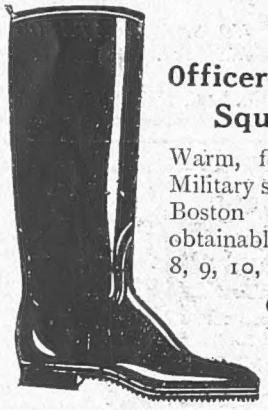
Best Boston Bay State and Rhode Island qualities. Both uppers and soles of extra stout rubber. Ideal boots for Military and real hard wear. Stocked in sizes 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 and 11.

Our Price, Carriage paid, U.K. only ... **30/9**

Usual Retail Price, **40/-**

When ordering these boots please quote size of ordinary boot or shoe worn

RUBBER BOOTS
Most Useful
New Year Gifts
for
Army of Occupation



Officers' Bright Rubber Squadron Boots.

Warm, felt lined, close fitting Military shaped legs. The best Boston brand. Finest boots obtainable. Stocked in sizes 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12.

Our Price, carriage paid U.K. only **33/6**

Usual Retail Price, **45/-**

MILITARY LIST POST FREE

Remarkable Value in Officers' Marching Boots

1,000 Pairs Only.

Uppers made from the finest **Waterproof Brown Calf,** shape and style as illustration. Soles are cut from the finest Oak Bark Tanned Leather. In sizes 6 to 11 and fittings 4 & 5,

Price **45/-**

per pair, post free U.K.

When ordering please send pencilled outline of the Foot and quote size of boot usually worn.

HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.1.

RESTORE YOUR

GREY HAIR

WITH INECTO

IF your hair is grey, going grey, or faded, you should at once call at 15a, North Audley Street, London, and see living proof of how perfectly "Inecto" restores the hair to its original colour.

So wonderful is the success of this new colour restoring method that already thousands of ladies have restored their hair to its original colour by its use. A Royal Princess says: "'Inecto' has given me the greatest satisfaction."

To those who have previously had their hair treated by the old unscientific methods, "Inecto" process is a revelation. One and all they say: "I wish I had known 'Inecto' before."

So valuable is "Inecto" to those who wish to preserve their youthful appearance, that no time should be lost in accepting this invitation to examine living proof.

Readers unable to visit the Salons should write for Illustrated Treatise of full particulars of this valuable discovery, which can also be carried out quite easily in the privacy of one's own home or room. Ask for Treatise No. 47. Sent by return in plain sealed package.

The Consultation and Treatment Salons of INECTO LTD. are at 15a, North Audley Street, London, W.1. (midway between Bond Street and Marble Arch Tube Stations).

"The Coat the Officer will have"

BARKER "KENBAR" TRENCH COAT

The "Kenbar" is the Officers' favourite Trench Coat because it is guaranteed absolutely proof against any weather. It is made from the famous Barker trebly-proofed KENBAR-CORD; lined throughout proofed check woollen and interlined oiled fabric. Every detail so necessary for strenuous wear in the trenches is embodied in this celebrated Coat. The collar can be worn in four positions. The sleeves are made with reinforced elbows, and the skirt is cut full and fitted with cavalry gusset.

The "Kenbar" is the finest cut and best tailored Trench Coat in London.

Cut with Raglan Sleeves and very easy armholes, and can easily be slipped on over a British Warm. Send your order at once, mentioning only chest measurement taken over Service Jacket, and a perfect fit is guaranteed.

105/- 25 Dols. 20 Cents.

With Detachable Fleece Lining or with Fleece Undercoat £7 10s. 36 dols. (as sketch) with Fur Wallaby Collar 25/- (6 dols.) extra. or Musquash 45/- (10 dols. 80 cents) extra.

FLEECE UNDERCOATS SUPPLIED SEPARATELY. These are beautifully warm and comfortable. 10 dols. 80 cents. **45/-**

John Barker and Compy Ltd
Kensington W.8.

American Officers—Note.

D.H. Evans & Co LTD

WINTER SALE

Style **9626.**—A useful shape for slim and medium figures. An attractive model with cloth protection over busks in front, covering the studs and hooks. Cross seaming. Lightly boned and fitted with four hose supporters. Size 20 in. to 30in. Sale Price **13/11**

Twilfit Regd.

CORSETS

BRITISH MADE

Every Pair Guaranteed

ALL CARRIAGE PAID

Write for Illustrated Booklet of Twilfit All-British Corsets, showing about 30 Models, sent post free,

All "Twilfit" styles are fitted with Spiral Unbreakable Hip Steels.

290 to 322, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W. 1.

Style **2003.**—A Sports Corset with silk elastic at top, specially bound to prevent tearing. Lightly boned. Short cut model in front, hips and back and low bust. Fitted with four suspenders. Size 19in. to 28in. .. .. Sale Price **7/11**

DICKINS & JONES

GREAT *Two Weeks Sale*

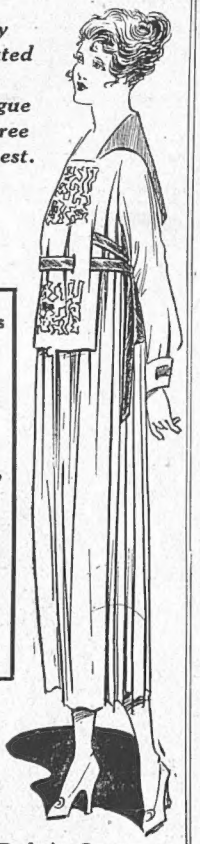
JANUARY 6th to 18th.

The Goods illustrated herewith are selected from our immense stock of "Deeanjay" make, which is the "hall mark" of good quality.

V54. **Severn Hat** of hand-worked soft uncrushable Straw, trimmed wide Satin Ribbon with frayed ends, finished Velvet Motif in front. Colours: Oyster, Vieux Rose, Primrose, Seaweed, Saxe, Flamingo, Ciel, Bronze, Taupe, Nigger, Cherry, Prunelle, Viola, or Dull Rose, lined and trimmed contrasting shades; also Self Black or Black, trimmed White or Grey.
Sale Price 49/6

V 37. **Useful and Effective Blouse** of Black Georgette, veiled over Chiffon lining, which is trimmed with a Silk Ribbon and Chinese Motifs. Vest of Ecru Lace finished with link fastenings. Also in Navy. Made in our own workrooms. Usual price 75/6.
Sale Price 47/6

Fully Illustrated Sale Catalogue Post Free on request.



Letter Orders for Goods at Sale Prices, received prior to January 6th, will be executed in rotation and dispatched on that day.

V72. **Natural Skunk Collar,** ideal shape. Usual price 25 Gns.
Reduced to 21½ Gns.

Muff ... ... 10 Gns.

Remnants and Oddments at half-price or less each Friday of Sale.

V21. **Dainty Gown,** *as sketch,* of Crêpe de Chine, embroidered in contrasting colours. In shades of Pink, Grey, Navy, Champagne, also Black. Several similar designs will also be reduced. Limited quantity only. Usual price 7½ Gns.
Sale Price 6 Gns.

DICKINS & JONES

REGENT ST. LONDON W.1

THE LINEN HALL

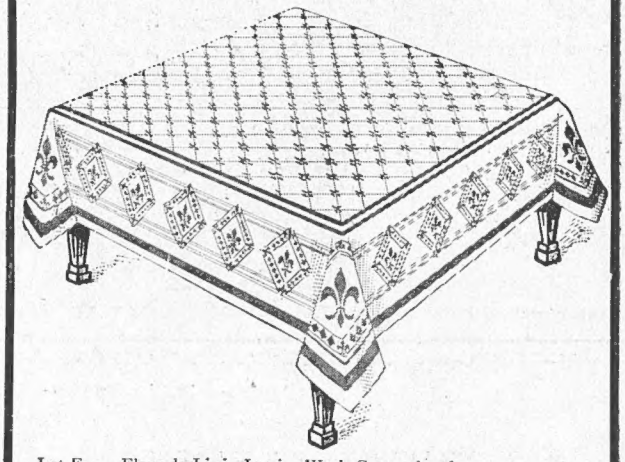
Robinson & Cleaver's

January Sale of IRISH LINENS

An opportunity to purchase our Irish Linen at Sale Prices.

DAMASK TABLE CLOTHS, BED LINEN, HANDKERCHIEFS, CURTAINS, HOSIERY, LINGERIE, BLOUSES, FROCKS, MEN'S SHIRTS, PYJAMAS, UNDERWEAR, SOCKS & UNIFORMS

at prices now below the actual cost of manufacture.



Lot E93, Fleur-de-Lis in Lattice Work Centre, hand-woven superfine Double Damask, extra heavy Table Cloth.

2 by 2	2 by 2½	2 by 3	2 by 3½	2½ by 2½	2½ by 3½ yards
43/6	54/5	65/3	76/2	69/5	97/2 each.

NAPKINS, ¾ by ¾ yard, 84/- dozen.

Linen Sheets (Hemmed)

Lot 100. Linen Sheets, superior quality, grass bleached, hemmed, ready for use.

Size (yards)			Prices per pair.	
2 by 3	Single Bed ...		81/-	92/6
2 by 3½	,, ...		94/6	107/6
2½ by 3	,, ...		99/-	115/-
2½ by 3½	Double Bed ...	117/3	134/-	147/-
3 by 3½	,, ...		135/-	149/-

Linen Pillow Cases

Lot 102. Linen Pillow Cases, plain ... 5/11 6/6 each
Lot 103. Linen Pillow Cases, superior quality, frilled ... ... 5/11 8/11 each
Lot 104. Linen Pillow Cases, superior quality, hemstitched ... 9/11 10/9 12/9 each
Lot 105. Linen Pillow Cases, superior quality, embroidered ... ... 19/6 22/6 each

All Pure Wool Blankets

Made in our own factory in Ireland from specially soft woollen yarn. In Silver Grey only.

	Sizes (inches)	Prices per pair.
Lot 5.	66 by 86	87/6
Lot 6.	72 by 90	98/6

Call and inspect freely or write for Sale List, post free.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Ltd.,
THE LINEN HALL,
REGENT ST., LONDON, W. 1.

"La Naturelle"

The natural-parting Toupet and Transformation

Is worn by many, but *invisible* to all. It enables any woman to regain her youthful charm and appearance. "La Naturelle" is equally adaptable to any style of hairdressing, whether with a parting—in any position—or without one. The hair has the appearance of actually growing from the scalp—detection is impossible. You can prove this for yourself by a visit to our Salons, or by sending to Dept. 12 for an "Appro." selection or Catalogue de Luxe.

Toupet from **4** Guineas.
Full Transformation from **12** Guineas.
(The "Times" system of instalments is available).

Maison Georges
40. BUCKINGHAM PALACE RD. LONDON S.W.1.

NO MORE ASTHMA

Every asthma sufferer should know that Potter's Asthma Cure gives instant relief. The moment you inhale it the strangling coughing stops, and you can breathe easily.

POTTER'S
Asthma Cure
is the best remedy for bronchitis of children.

Have you been a martyr to asthma and bronchitis for years? If so, keep a tin handy and use when required. Attacks will be prevented and peaceful sleep ensured. Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by all chemists, herbalists and stores for 1/6. or post free 1/9, from **Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60, Artillery Lane, London, E.1.**

A Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, together with a little book, "Are you Asthmatic?" will be sent if you

Sign this Form To-day
and post to the above address.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....
"The Bystander"

Hyam's of Oxford Street.

OXFORD CIRCUS — CENTRAL LONDON RAILWAY — TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD

HYAM'S

Gentlemen's Tailors and Complete Outfitters.

THE COAT OF THE SEASON

Double or Single Breasted, in Navy Blue Grey or Brown Wool Coating.

LIGHT WEIGHT, WARM and COSY.

Ready for Service, or Made to Measure.

6 Gns.

ONLY FIRST-CLASS GOODS SUPPLIED AT MODERATE PRICES

134 to 140, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1,
And at Leeds, Birmingham and Wolverhampton.

AS SUPPLIED TO THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

La Meriel

The Cigar De Luxe.

ARE YOU looking for a Cigar? A Cigar that will cause you no qualms of conscience every time you light up? A Cigar that has the fragrance and the stimulating power of Fine Havana, and is sold at a figure that spells ECONOMY. A Cigar that is smoked by the connoisseur?

The House of Lords, by the force of its own example, recommends

"LA MERIEL."

It is unnecessary to insist on the obvious merit of a cigar that has won the favour of members of the Upper House.

But insistence may well be laid on the *price* of "La Meriel."

Note the following figures:—

47/- PER 100; 23/6 PER 50.

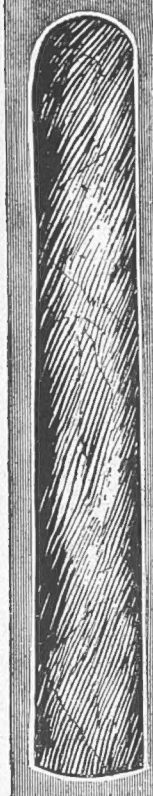
POST PAID FOR THE TROOPS ABROAD.

36/- PER 100; 18/- PER 50.

And jot down the name in your diary—

"La Meriel" of the Lords.

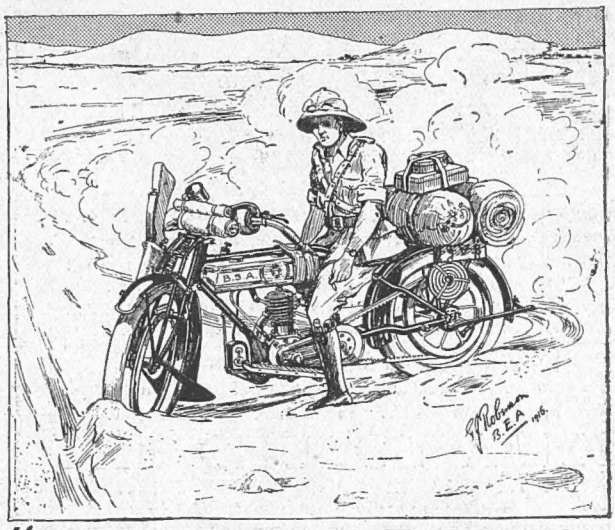
SIDNEY PULLINGER Ltd.
41, Cannon Street, Birmingham.



As Illustrated

La Meriel DE LUXE

C.F.H.



"WITH THE FLAG THROUGH GERMAN EAST AFRICA."

The above illustration shows a Motor Cyclist Despatch Rider with his B.S.A. Motor Bicycle in "German" East. It first appeared in "The Motor Cycle," and is one of many in the booklet just published, "With the Flag through German East Africa." "Motor Cycling" says: "A large amount of first-hand information and description. The brochure gives a vivid picture of the life of the motor cycle and its rider in this desolate district." A copy will be sent free to anyone interested.

THE BIRMINGHAM SMALL ARMS CO. LTD.,
SMALL HEATH, BIRMINGHAM.

OFFICERS' KHAKI SERVICE SHIRTS

Khaki Viyella.
(Medium Weight)
Shirts .. 14/6
Collars .. 1/6
Shirts (collar attached) 15/-
Pyjamas .. 25/6
(Light or dark shade)

Khaki Viyella
(Heavy Weight)
Shirts .. 16/6
Collars .. 1/6
Shirts (collar attached) 17/-
Pyjamas .. 30/-
(Dark shade only)

T.5—Taffeta
Shirts .. 21/-
Collars .. 2/3
Shirts (collar attached) 22/6
(Light or dark shade)

T6.—Twill Ceylon.
Shirts .. 16/6
Collars .. 2/-
Shirts (collar attached) 17/6
(Light or dark shade)

S11.—Silk and Wool
Shirts .. 18/6
Collars .. 2/-
Shirts (collar attached) 19/6
(Light shade only)

S18.—Tussore Silk.
Shirts .. 25/-
Collars .. 2/6
Shirts (collar attached) 26/6
(Natural shade only)

S 15.—Silk.
Shirts .. 25/-
Collars .. 2/6
Shirts (collar attached) 26/6
(Light or Dark shade)

F154.—All Wool.
(Winter Weight)
Shirts .. 25/-
Collars .. 2/6
,, attached 26/6
(Dark shade only)

F153.—All Wool.
(Winter Weight)
Shirts .. 25/-
Collars .. 2/6
,, attached 26/6
(Medium shade only)

F160.—All Wool.
(Extra Heavy)
Shirts .. 30/-
Collars .. 2/6
Shirts (collar attached) 31/6
(Dark shade only)

Approved NEW Shades for R.A.F. A SPECIALITY.

PATTERNS FREE ON REQUEST.

To prevent mistakes and ensure prompt dispatch, clients are requested to write name and address distinctly

POSTAL RATES:
Not exceeding 3lbs., 1/- } B.E.F. and B.E.F.
,, ,, 7lbs. 1/4 } France Italy.

Remittance, including Postage, must accompany Order.

W. COLES 147, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1 *Established 1878*
Shirt & Pyjama Specialist
'Phone: 1626 Western.

What about it—What?

Lista is the Silk upon which every smartly dressed woman insists, and every man who values luxury without extravagance for his Shirts and Pyjamas.

For all purposes where a washing silk can be used, it should be "Lista" and no other.

This Pure Silk has a wonderful richness and durability, and is dyed in the fastest dyes to insure style and quality. Look for the word "Lista" on the selvedge.

LISTA PURE SILK

Wholesale only:
LISTER & Co., Ltd., Old Change, E.C.4

The Bystander, January 1, 1919. No. 787. Vol. LXI.

The BYSTANDER

MIDNIGHT

"Well, ta-ta, old bean; it's about time I showed up. London won't be sorry to see me, what?"

ENTERTAINMENTS.

EMPIRE, LEICESTER SQUARE. Gerrard 3527.
Nightly, 7.45. Mon., Wed. Sat., 2.15.
The J. L. Sacks, Limited, production
"THE LILAC DOMINO."

HIPPODROME, LONDON. DAILY, at 2.30 and 8.15.
SECOND EDITION of "BOX O' TRICKS!"
Produced by ALBERT DE COURVILLE.
HARRY TATE, Etc. The Hippodrome Beauty Chorus. Gerr. 650.

ADELPHI, STRAND. (Ger. 2645). "THE BOY"
W. H. BERRY, Nellie Taylor, Maidie Hope, Nellie Briercliffe, C. M. Lowne, W. H. Rawlins, Peter Gawthorne.
Second Year. EVENINGS at 8. Mats., Wed. and Sat. at 2.

APOLLO ('Phone: Gerrard 3243.) EVENINGS at 8.
The Successful Musical Comedy, "SOLDIER BOY"
Matinées, Tues., Frids., and Sats., at 2.30. Box Office, 10 to 10.

DALY'S. (Ger. 201). "THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS."
THE GEORGE EDWARDES Production, 2ND YEAR.
Lauri de Frece, Mark Lester, Bertram Wallis, Thorpe Bates, Pop Cory, Mabel Sealby, Faith Bevan, AND José Collins.
TWICE DAILY (until January 1), at 2 and 7.45.

GLOBE (Ger. 8722). Manager, MARIE LOHR.
Every Evening at 7.50. Matinées, Tues., Weds., Thurs., Sats. at 2.15.
NURSE BENSON.
By R. C. CARTON and JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY.
MARIE LOHR, FRED KERR, LOTTIE VENNE, DAWSON MILWARD.

KINGSWAY. (Ger. 4032). A WEEK-END.
New Farce by WALTER W. ELLIS
(Author of "A Little Bit of Fluff.")
TWICE Daily (until January 4), at 2.30 and 8.

PRINCE OF WALES. FAIR AND WARMER.
FAY COMPTON, Dorothy Dix, Ronald Squire, Edward Combermere, and DAVID MILLER.
"THE BEST LAUGH IN LONDON."—*Vide* Daily Papers.

THE CANCER HOSPITAL (Free)

(Incorporated under Royal Charter.)
FOUNDED 1851.
FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.
The only special Hospital in London for the treatment of CANCER, Tumours and Allied Diseases. No "LETTERS" required.
Contributions needed for general purposes, for the Research Institute, and for the Radium and Electrical Department.
Bankers—Messrs. COUTTS & Co., 440, Strand. *Sec.*—FRED. W. HOWELL.

The Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Ltd.

Empowered by Special Act of Parliament.

Principal Office: Nos. 36 to 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C. will pay to the legal personal representative of the bona-fide holder of this Coupon Insurance Ticket:

£2,000 if such holder shall be fatally injured by an accident within the United Kingdom to a railway train, public omnibus tramcar or cab (which is being driven by a licensed driver plying for public hire), in which such holder is at the time of such injury travelling as a ticket (or pass) bearing or fare-paying passenger; or

£1,000 if such holder shall be fatally injured by an accident in any part of the world to a passenger steamship in which such holder is at the time of such injury travelling as a fare-paying passenger.

Or will pay to such holder should such accident cause non-fatal injury to such holder.

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Bystander NEW YEAR COMMENT

1919—THE FATEFUL YEAR

Pleased to Have Met You!

PRESIDENT WILSON came to us as a comparative stranger; he leaves us as one of the family. His genial smile and his studied respect for our conventions speedily won our hearts; and we liked him none the less for his courage in speaking on occasion plainly and to the purpose. It needed a certain boldness to doubt, as he did, the sanctity of precedent in the hide-bound realm of Gog and Magog themselves; but his phrasing was so neat and so happy that it provoked no voice of dissent. After all, on the threshold of a new world, it is but reasonable that some of our older idols should be shattered, and if Dr. Wilson has done only a little to release us from our national swathings of red tape, his visit will on that account have been doubly pleasurable for us.

Germany's Doom

THE utter rout of old Wait and See, his captains and men; the electoral unattractiveness of the woman candidate; the smashing of the pacifists—these all fade before the supreme value of Mr. George's triumph in its word of final doom to any lingering hope in Germany. It is not that Mr. Asquith is "out and under." It is Germany that is down and the British people have done it crushingly. The electors would not even return Lord Lansdowne's fine and splendidly loyal son, Lord Kerry, out of fear that there might be any suspicion of a misunderstanding.

And Next?

MR. GEORGE'S danger lies in the bigness of his majority. There may be breakings away. England's danger is to be found in the smallness of the Labour contingent. Labour denied entrance to the House will brandish a strike bludgeon in the country. Meanwhile the Liberal Party is finished once and for all. A motor-'bus would contain them—or, perhaps we ought to say, a hearse. For the rest, some brightish young men have got a chance of proving their metal, but a few dullards still linger. The new Parliament will be rich in personal contrasts and should last till its second Budget. So till 1920!

Labour Logic

WE are starting the glad New Year with a glad New Parliament, and it is to be hoped that now everybody is pleased. Apparently some of the Labour Leaders are not at all satisfied, as such a state of mind would be contrary to their professional instincts. It seems that, in regard to the election, they decided, if Labour were returned by a majority at the polls, to carry on; if, on the other hand, the Coalition were returned in strength that fact would be evidence that the election was invalid, and preparations for a general strike must be put in hand at once. To the simple and untutored mind it would seem that if an election be in order when a Labour majority is returned, it must be equally in order when the Coalition wins.

Humanity—Made in Germany

SOME time during the coming year it is understood that peace will be concluded with the enemy Powers, with whom, as Sir David Beatty reminded us recently, and quite usefully, we are still at war. To the lay mind there seems no disposition to vulgar haste in the settlement of the terms of peace. The Treaty was to be ready for signature about February; then the date was moved to the late spring, and now we are told that peace cannot be signed before June at the earliest. And it looks so much like only a ten-minutes' job! The Germans are now claiming, by

A CLEAN SLATE
Now then, David—it's up to you!

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

the way, that as they concluded the armistice solely in the interests of humanity, they ought, in return, to be treated with the greatest leniency. But if humanity is to be rewarded, inhumanity should surely be punished, and Germany's black record of inhumanity is hardly to be wiped out by a death-bed repentance.

A Multitude of Counsellors

No doubt the Government is a little handicapped by the number of amateur peace-makers, each of whom puts forward some fanciful little suggestion of his own, until, when the aggregate is considered, it would seem to be quicker and cheaper to burn Germany off the face of Europe and start fresh from her ashes. Some will be quite satisfied if the Kaiser and Crown Prince are hung, drawn, and quartered; though just how far this proceeding will help to rehabilitate a broken world is not made very clear.

The Year of Destiny

That solemn bell at midnight strikes deep into men's souls. While its clang still echoes, memory and hope join hands. And this time fear is close behind them; 1918, should we be doomed to live while time lasts, will ever be the year of the supreme emotions. It was the year of Death and of Life, of defeat flung back into the Victory of all the ages. When that same bell rang out but one year before, its note reached weary men hard held by the enemy. To-day British soldiers, all-conquering, hear it from across the Rhine. Who in that dread hour of 1918, dared think of his fighting lad and of the year that was before him?

"A NEW LEAF—WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?"

Hope and Fear

In a really wonderful way our world is in the making. High occasion has come in a minute, finding but few of us ready to grasp it. All sorts of nasty people are still with us. The newly kindled sweetening influences in life are massing to dethrone them. In 1919, and for years to come, we are to have our great war at home. Every man, woman, and child, as the gift of those who have died, is to have a fair, full life chance. Evil things are to be swept away as our memorial to our dead. Haman's gallows cannot be high enough for the profiteer—not merely the thief in the market, but the looter in the home.

The New Home Peril

The Labour outlook is profoundly menacing. The Labour Party's proposals are not for social reform but for anti-social revolution. Messrs. Ramsay Macdonald and Snowden have captured the machine, and even Mr. Sidney Webb, who has done so much for reasonable and well-ordered progress, has flung sanity to the winds and is a joint author of wild counsels. Compare the wishy-washy, sentimental slops on which support for Labour is begged in the Press with the frank Bolshevism of the official manifesto, and it is clear what the peril is. A great body that was organised on a popular basis to give support to just and appealing causes, is to be exploited by a handful of economic desperadoes to engineer confiscation and chaos. This clash will come in 1919. The industrial transition stage will be rich in chances for the wreckers; and we shall have to fight for the Empire at home and win. Unless we *do* win we shall, indeed, have lost the world war.

Long Preparations

While all others were silent, the Socialists were hard at work. Events on the Clyde have been full of revelation, but the same poisonous influences have been polluting opinion elsewhere. Socialism, and violent Socialism, has been preached through all the war years. It is the gospel of loot and destruction. The men who fell for freedom are being exploited by lovers of the conscientious objector in the interests of class greed. "The country has been held up to ransom," they claim. "It has been saved by the people for the people!" Yet the Government has not yet had the horse sense to display in every cinema in the land the pictures of the Russian revolution! Nor even to arrange lectures in every town and village exposing the economic lunacy of Labour's proposals.

Unity in Freedom

THE PRESIDENT: "Well, Miss Britannia, it's been a vurry great pleasure to meet you! *We've* got a mighty big 'LIBERTY' on a vur-ry little island in New York Harbour, but I guess I never saw more of that commodity in a small space than I've seen in this little island of yours!"

A Hustler

DURING the next few months we are to have all the excitement of wholesale demobilisation. Sir Eric Geddes is the Minister in charge, and he has quite a nice reputation as an all-round hustler. So we ought to get some results very soon. I observe, by the way, a notice in the Press to the effect that within a few hours of his appointment Sir Eric Geddes was engaged with the heads of the various departments concerned with the demobilisation industry. The fact is mentioned as if it were something remarkable. I suppose, with our experience of officialism, it was naturally assumed that Sir Eric, having been appointed to a Government job, would at once pack his bag and take a month's holiday.

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE." Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *December* 30, 1918

DEAR COUSIN—

SEASONABLE greetings—or is that what you say for Christmas? One gets a bit buzzy in the brain department these celebratory peace days, don't you find? But, in any case, happy New Year! As to which, whatever happens, there's always *this* consolation, isn't there? Can't be so bad as old 1917—not if it snows. And not even if there's another *war!*

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FOR we're turning over a new leaf with a vengeance. From war to peace is a hefty jump, and I don't mind telling you, cousin, the strain's been *some*. Pouf! *What* a Christmas—or, rather, what a before-Christmas—we had, here in London. For *days*, nay, for *weeks*, to walk, to shop, to lunch, to dine, even to breathe in this crammed and crowded capital of the world was almost an achievement.

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ONE feeds here in London now, you know, on sufferance. The *proprietaire*, now almost indecently speeds the parting guest. "The seven o'clocks *must* be finished soon!" in a loud voice, glancing round the room, said mine host, the other night, in reply to a request, at eight o'clock, for a table. And the "seven o'clocks"—such is our fear of the Bolshevik attitude of our masters the profiteers these days—gulped down their sweet and their wine and their coffee shamefacedly; the while the "eight o'clocks" grimly watched and waited.

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LONDON before the war and London after it are places so different that sometimes even the

"A bill for £15—that someone else had drunk"

"Merely to get foothold on the Tubes"

least observant must rub their eyes in wonder at the weird, wild metamorphosis. One belongs positively to a past generation if one can remember, say, those forgotten aeons when, at certain times of the day anyway, there were seats and to spare in the tubes and 'buses. Or when the cabs plied—actually plied—for hire, and even, now and again, said "thank you" for a tuppenny tip.

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OR when, at restaurants, if you chose to pay for it, you could get a quite good dinner for only a mere pound or two, without any insolence from waiter people, and with your *vin ordinaire* at *lots* less than six or seven shillings a bottle. And when, even at Christmas time, people who served one in shops hadn't forgotten that *but* for us, after all, *they* wouldn't cut much ice.

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THOSE of us who find the crowd touch *always* in evidence somewhat fatiguing will either have to emigrate or else eschew outings of all kinds and remain *perdu* in our own houses. And so, too, will those unfitted by un-far-seeing Nature for daily life-and-death struggles merely to get foothold on tubes and 'buses and things. For truly you're simply left on the platform every time, these days, unless your elbows and your shoulders have the right 1919 pushing power. Also the modern traveller must not deprecate but rather welcome the close, not to say the *very* close, or squashy proximity of his fellow-man. Sardines in a tin lead a roomy life compared with the voyager in any train, tube, tram, or 'bus now there's peace again here in England. And the amusing part is you pay just the same—or rather you pay lots more—as when you got what you paid for. Talking of paying, reminds one of the confusion apt to occur in such crowds. For instance, quite a shock it was to a quiet old soldier-man who'd modestly celebrated in a well-known restaurant, to get a bill for £15 that someone else had drunk.

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HOWEVER, after all, s'long as we've won the war what *do* little things like these matter? And on the whole, they don't, you know—except, perhaps, when you get, as you always do get, to that part of one's daily paper where what is called "the psychology of Germany in defeat" is shown in detail. It is at these moments, I confess, that there really, truly does arise, even in the meekest breast, a slight sensation of choler.

(Continued on page 16)

King and President

Our picture shows President Wilson and King George leaving Charing Cross Station for Buckingham Palace on Thursday last. The occasion was of vast historical significance; it was symbolic of the union of the two great branches of the English-speaking race, effected by obedience to a great call, endurance of a bloody struggle, and rejoicing in a mighty victory on behalf of the ideals which are their common inheritance

FOR this impenitent enemy, vanquished though he may be, is a slight thorn in the flesh to even the most inveterate of Armistice-Christmas-New-Year-Peace celebrators. It damps the *feu de joie* we've lit to pæan the utter down-and-outing of the unspeakable Hun to read how, whine as they may about our "inhuman" blockade, the invading army can find in "conquered" Germany no signs of want or privation.

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AND of how Hun statesmen, financiers, writers, and commercial magnates, with no uncertain voice, utterly deny that Germany has been defeated. . . . . Of how there can be found not one, from Kaiser to Karl to admit for a moment that Germany either made the war *or* made it such an unspeakable war. . . . Of how the troops return to the tune of "*Deutschland über alles*," and are met with flags and flowers, not as vanquished, but as victors. . . .

"Return to the tune of 'Deutschland über alles'"

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AS someone's been saying, even the armistice, it seems, is to the wily Hun really a camouflaged victory, by which Germany's "saved her army for another time, and preserved the Fatherland from ravage by fire and sword at the critical moment." All of which, there's no denying, *is* a bit of a fly in the ointment, what? But, of course, there are still the peace terms for the loathed ex-enemy to bite on. And Heaven send the peace-makers give him a hard enough nut to crack, or then, indeed, will all our sacrifices have been in vain!

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APROPOS, it's now said it'll be June before the peace is well and truly signed. Giving the licked Hun plenty of time to pull himself together, *aren't* we? But, meanwhile, having the time of their gay young lives, the Peace Conference typists and things. Longer the delegates sit, better *they'll* be pleased, of course. And as to the expense—well, there again, when you've been spending eight millions a day for four years and not felt it, what *do* a mere few more paltry millions matter?

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AND Paris, after all, is a city much more for pleasure than for dull pondering over pros and cons. "More waist less speed," as they say in the Proverbs Up to Date of another Garland from the Front which, once again, the 5th Canadian Battalion charmingly sends me. Where some other "Proverbs" are: Never put off till to-morrow leave you can get to-day; and: A sub-lieut. is The Chief in time.

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ALSO: People in rest billets shouldn't wreck homes. All is not gin that bitters. The O.C. finds some dirty work for idle hands to do. East or west, Tommy's best. And: A new kilt dreads the wire.

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BY the way, talking of London's crushes and crowds, a hint that, in time, even the capital of the world will settle down to comparative quiet again is in the same Canadian Garland's "editorial." If ever another Garland sees the light, they say, writing just a month before Armistice Day, "it will be, we think, a Victory Special Number, produced amidst the comforts and facilities of peace-time for the amusement of the veterans of our battalion resting safe in their homes in God's own country, after their glorious participation in the very greatest adventure of all ages."

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BUT that's, of course, provided by that time there isn't another war! Can't be said, you know, even by the blindest of super-optimists, that the peace of 1919 finds Europe exactly a spring tulip-bed of contentment and good will. However, that's not going to be let worry *us*, evidently. I see they've already fixed up for the year all the racing, boating, football, lawn tennis, golf, and quoit pre-war events, and we're even to have a Derby. Naturally can't be bothered to be martial when there's so much to do to pull up our socks on the so-much-more important sporting side, can we? But I *do* hope, don't you, that just between whiles of training and all that we'll find time to hang the Kaiser. Best wishes.

With love, yours ever, BLANCHE

"The seven o'clocks must be finished soon"

PEACEFUL REFLECTIONS FOR THE NEW YEAR

The Lighter Side

TOMMY *(on furlough pending discharge)*: "Blimy! I should fancy I had my bathing-costume on"

The Balloon Forty-Five

by REGINALD ARKELL

Illustrated by WILTON WILLIAMS

IX.

If you and I were late for tea
How very dull the mess would be.

THE story of Mary and Martha finds its equivalent in the records of any well-conducted battalion.

The sons of Martha are those highly efficient and industrious officers who become experts of every variety and specialists of every shade—Gas Officers, Bombing Officers, Intelligence Officers, Musketry Officers, Signalling Officers, and Assistant Adjutants. If they are *very* efficient they become Company Commanders, and I knew one who was Assistant Messing Officer—but this was exceptional.

The sons of Mary, on the other hand, do nothing in particular, and usually do it very well. They get the odd jobs—such as being *strafed* by the Brigadier when the specialists are too busy to put in an appearance. Also they go round with the W.D. Valuer when the battalion is going out of billets and the dilapidations are expected to be heavier than usual.

. . . . . .

The sons of Martha never seem to have finished. They always contrive to be late, but not *very* late, for meals. They are always wrestling with some gigantic problem which, if you don't object to mixed metaphors, never seems to hatch out. They are apt to remind one of a broody hen which sat on a china egg for a couple of years.

Everything they do in public is done at the double. They dash from dug-out to dug-out. The pathway to the Battalion Orderly Room is worn flat by the constant passage of their tireless feet.

They have the welfare of their country so much at heart that they seldom go on leave. Sometimes they are induced to snatch what they term "a brief respite from their arduous duties," and, strangely enough, the great big world keeps turning.

Their conversation in mess turns largely on the triumphs of the day and the problems of the morrow. They are under the impression that Gerald du Maurier wrote the *Pickwick Papers*, and that Sir John Lavery is the proprietor of Sunlight Soap. Nobody has yet discovered what they talked about before the war.

. . . . . .

The sons of Mary, on the other hand, merely dream away the happy hours between meals. They may be the last down to breakfast in the morning, but they are the first in to tea in the afternoon. They roll the cricket pitch and mark the tennis courts. They strum on the pianos in the evening and lead out the old ladies at the village dances. One feels that life would be rather dull without them.

Sometimes we wonder if the sons of Mary are *quite* as inefficient as they would have us suppose.

And whether the sons of Martha are really such marvels as they seem to think.

After all, one can do a lot with a good sergeant!

"'My dear young lady,' I said, 'if you were the only girl in the world you certainly wouldn't marry Menzies'"

"I was called upon to congratulate the happy couple"

In every town from Leith to Looe
Some girl is looking out for you.

YOUNG MENZIES, having got himself engaged to one of the village maidens, I was called upon to congratulate the happy couple.

"Come here, you two!" I said sternly. "I won't ask you what you mean by it, because you probably don't know. Things may not be as bad as they appear. After all, the symptoms may not become acute. You may not get married even.

"Take my case. I've been engaged dozens of times. Years ago, when both you children were biting holes in teething-rings, I was engaged for a whole week on end. So don't be downhearted."

"THE GALLANT FORTY-FIVER" (*concluded*)

"We aren't downhearted," spluttered Menzies; "we're jolly well pleased with ourselves—aren't we Kit?"

The lady went the colour of a 1914 chevron.

"There you are," I said; "she denies it!"

"Think that's funny, I suppose?" snorted young Menzies, who, by the way, is my senior officer by a couple of days.

"Now, look here, Menzies," I said, "let us examine, fairly and dispassionately, the facts of the case. You are gazetted to this battalion and you are sent to join it here, at Greyport. You meet many girls in the town, but not one of them can hold a candle—I believe that is the pukka phrase—to Miss Brandon."

"Carry on," said Menzies.

"You will admit, I suppose," I continued, "that you might have been sent to any other regiment?"

"I applied for the Koyli's," admitted Menzies. "My aunt lives at Pontefract."

"Quite so," I nodded. "You will further admit that you might have been sent to any town in England near which there is a military camp?"

"I suppose so," grunted Menzies; "but what the dev——?"

"I'll tell you what it has to do with it," I said judicially. "You might have been sent—at a rough estimate—to any one of three hundred towns scattered about these islands. Very good! In each one of these towns you would have found a girl who was worth all the others put together. And you would have become engaged to her in—let me see, six weeks, isn't it, Miss Brandon?

"Now the trouble is this," I continued: "So long as the war lasts you will be comparatively safe, but immediately you start moving about you will encounter these potential sweethearts.

"Come and give me lunch at the Piccadilly"

"What is the result? If you marry Miss Brandon you will have to end your days in Greyport, where she has no rivals in your affection."

"I'm hanged if I do," shouted Menzies.

"No point in getting angry about it," I said. "Logic is logic. You remember the story of the wonderful one-hoss shay?"

"It seems to me," said the lady in the case, "that my only hope of being happy with Arthur is to be the only girl in the world."

"My dear young lady," I said, "if you were the only girl in the world you certainly wouldn't marry Menzies."

"Indeed!" said Menzies. "And who *would* she marry?"

"Modesty," I replied, "prevents me from answering that question." And I went out singing:

The new love is the true love
And the best love of all.
The first love is always the worst love——

Menzies *nearly* bit me.

We leave the sailors at Calais quay—
A sailor's life is the life for me!

"OH! By the way," said the Adjutant, at breakfast. "You'll have to take the draft over. Barton's crocked. Come to the orderly room at nine for the papers. Parade at ten. Get busy!"

The band played us down to the station and established itself on the opposite platform. Unexpired rations were stowed into tin hats; cigarettes were produced by the P.R.I.; the band came to life.

Bon soir, old thing! Cheerio! Chin chin!
Napoo! Toodle-oo! Good-bye-ee!

We were away.

. . . . . .

We were pouring reinforcements into France at the most critical period of our island story. Waterloo was a picnic, Malplaquet a children's party, and Agincourt a Sunday School treat compared to this. But, bless you, there was no hurry. Endless bags of coal were poured through a hole in the deck. Then came two elderly gentlemen, who swilled with a hose and scrubbed with a brush. Minute inspection of deck boards, followed by more swilling and more scrubbing. Leisurely replacement of the lid of the coal hole . . . . . The old Lord Warden slipped from us. Once more we were away.

. . . . . .

Personally, I found the armistice very unsettling. For one thing, the Bombing Officer dropped a thunder flash into the piano when I was singing "The Holy City," and for another, the W.A.A.C.'s went to bed with all their blinds up.

The Messing Officer who, like Ammonal, absorbs moisture very quickly, kissed me good-night, and the next day I took a few days' leave to recuperate.

It was in the Strand that I again met the Only Girl. I was coming out of Gow's and she was coming out of Fuller's.

"Don't stop me," I said, "for there is serious work a-foot. I am going to the Zoo to see if kangaroos have kind faces. I am going to Australia, Maggie, and I am learning something about the country before I go."

"But why Australia?" she gasped.

"Everybody is doing it," I replied. "We are all changed men and we sigh for clean air and open spaces. None of us will return to the old life. We are all reformed characters. I am a reformed character. I shan't like it, but there you are!"

I gave an expressive waggle of my left fin, but Maggie remained unconvinced.

"Australia can wait," she said firmly. "It would take more than a war to reform *you*, Tony. Come and give me lunch at the Piccadilly."

And, once again, the woman got the last word.

THE END.

"There's Still a War On"

PASSED BY CENSOR

They haven't heard about the Armistice in Limpoopoo Land yet, but the news may arrive any moment now; in which case, of course, this sort of friction will cease

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

The True Bill

By "VIM"

THE works of the late Mr. William Shakespeare have been ransacked with such Hunnish ruthlessness and system for pointers bearing on the present war that it seems rather a hopeless task to see if there is anything left over; but nothing is certain except the unexpected so I open the book at random and this is the first thing that catches my eye:

Enter a Sergeant with two Sentinels.

Sergeant: Sirs, take your places and be vigilant:
If any noise or soldier you perceive
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign
Let us have knowledge at the court of Guard.

First Sentinel: Sergeant, you shall (*exit Sergeant*).
Thus are poor servitors,
When others sleep upon their quiet beds,
Constrained to watch in darkness, rain and cold.

Humph! very nice, but, shades of Bairnsfather! what would Bert and Old Bill say to it? Just fancy their feelings and faces at being addressed by the sergeant as "Sirs," and told to take their places and be vigilant, etc., etc. Add to this a picture of the sergeant's face and language if Old Bill were to reply "Sergeant, you shall," and you get a pretty fair idea of the general shock to the system all round. I doubt if even the sentinel's gentle grouse about having to take his turn for guard would appeal to Old Bill's fastidious taste; *he* would have put it quite differently himself and in fewer words. I'm afraid Shakespeare missed the whole point of the present war when he wrote these elegant lines—but stay, I have an idea, he was thinking of the Special Constables! *Of course.* Great man, Shakespeare! Our next venture looks less auspicious still. What do you think of this?

"If I be not ashamed of my soldiers I am a soused gurnet. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company and the half shirt is two napkins tacked together."

Tut, tut, Mr. S.! this won't do at all! What army had you in mind when you concocted this scandalous indictment? Certainly not the British Army. You've slipped up this time with a vengeance—but, wait a bit—let me think—I have it—he means the Bolshevists. Good again, William!

Another dip in this marvellous lucky-tub and we are rewarded with the following:

"Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men!"

Here I must ask my male readers to take off their hats and the ladies to curtsey deeply in honour of this most remarkable prophecy. Could the advent of female suffrage have been more clearly adumbrated and even improved upon. Not Old Moore himself could have done it better. Bravo, William!

Turn over a few more leaves and here we are *again*:

"*Enter Captains and Soldiers.*

Captains: The morn is fair. Good morrow, general.

All: Good morrow, general.

General: 'Tis well blown, lads!"

A striking forecast of the daily meeting between Sir Douglas Haig and his army. No doubt correct in the main; but I should rather like to have Old Bill's opinion before awarding the usual biscuit.

Our next voyage of discovery lands us on firm and familiar ground:

"Marry, there is another indictment upon thee for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house contrary to the law, for the which, I think, thou wilt howl.

Host: All victuallers do so.

Behold our friend the meatless day prophesied and polished off in a brace of shakes. Mark the final convincing touch of the true artist, "*All victuallers do so.*" Food Controllers, past, present, and to come, please note.

Hurrah for Bacon—I mean Shakespeare. What next, I wonder?

"*Enter Duncan, etc., meeting a bleeding sergeant.*

What bloody man is this?"

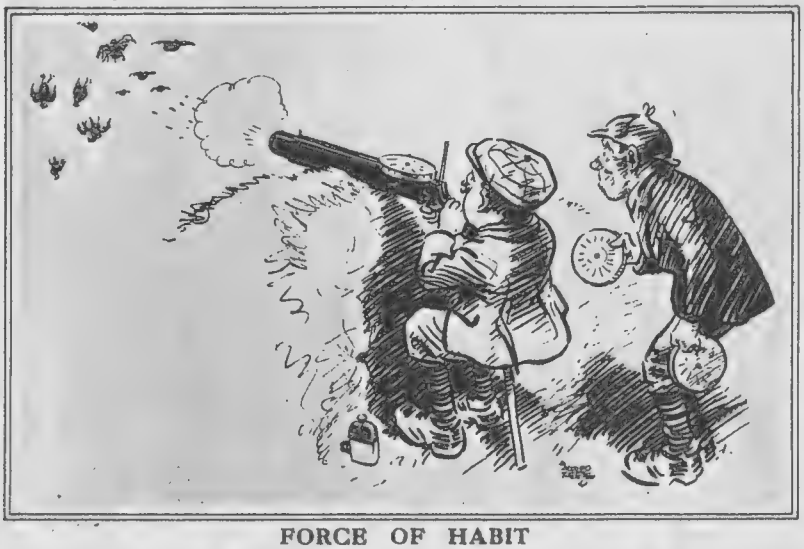
Fie, William, this is very strange language though not altogether unfamiliar. I have often heard it said that Lord Bacon wrote your plays for you but never a whisper that Captain Bairnsfather was implicated in the nefarious transaction. And yet methinks I can see the eyes of Old Bill glisten, and hear him and Bert murmur:

"'Ear! 'ear! that's the way to talk to the blighters," so let it pass.

A final peep and we have done:

"'Tis a brave army
And full of purpose."

And now, my masters and mistresses, we have at length a unique chance of scoring off this pesky omniscient poet and hoisting him with his own petard, by retorting: "There needs no ghost come from the grave to tell us *that!*"



FORCE OF HABIT

Captain Jones (late Machine Gun Corps) introduces a little novelty into the shooting-parties he attends

To Celebrate a "Side-Show"

Photographs *Reid*

GENERAL AND LADY ALLENBY

Photographed on the occasion of the famous General's official entry into Cairo to celebrate the Palestine victory

By FRANK HIRD

Exclusive "Society"

ENGLISH Society is the most democratic in the world. In Paris and in Rome the word "Society" stands for a condition of which we have no counterpart in this country. It is a ring fence—a barrier against all those who are not born within it. The highest eminence in art, in law, in literature, in politics, in finance, or on the stage, cannot open the doors of the Faubourg St. Germain, or the doors of certain Roman palaces of the *vieux monde*. It was the same in Berlin and Vienna before the war. The ex-Kaiser himself could not force a Bleichröder or a Thyssen into Berlin Society; in Vienna such an attempt would have been beyond contemplation. This attitude is incomprehensible to the English mind. It is a heritage of feudalism which has been destroyed in England by the steady creation of hereditary legislators. It was said of Napoleon's soldiers that each one carried a field-marshal's *bâton* in his knapsack. Equally it may be said of ourselves that every errand boy carries a peer's coronet in his basket.

The Essence of Democracy

In theory, English Society is an assimilation of the best elements of every phase of national life. As in Paris and Rome, it is based upon the aristocratic principle; but whereas in France and Italy the nobility have no official existence and the aristocracy have retired behind the ramparts of long lineage and ancient dignities, in England, in reward for public services or great enterprise, we give a man the possibility of founding a "gentle" family and a place beside those whose social position is theirs by inheritance. This is the very essence of democracy. But during the thirty years preceding the war an element had crept in which gradually permeated the whole of our social system from top to bottom—the element of money. And so definite and accepted had the standard become that the gaining of a fortune and entrance into Society were practically synonymous terms, provided certain unwritten rules were followed. The chief of these rules were lavish subscriptions to party or philanthropic funds and an extravagant entertaining. In this manner the newly-rich bought their "footing."

Plutocracy

In the years immediately before the war, the full effect of this money standard became manifest. At least one half of what we call "Society" was composed of people who were removed from the middle classes by one generation only; consequently they combined the weaknesses of the class from which their progenitors had sprung with those of the class into which they had been elevated. They took all, demanded all that we as a nation so readily accord to rank, but they gave nothing in return except an insensate expenditure and a deplorable example to other sections of the community. They made pleasure a duty and folly a pastime. Even some of those whose birth and traditions placed them high above any consideration of consolidating their position entered into the race, giving the prestige of ancient and honoured names to a course of living in which glitter and magnificence could not conceal its essential vulgarity. Yet all this was on the surface. Unfortunately, it was only this surface that was seen by the world, because its doings were recorded by a particular type of journalist and photographer that it seems to have brought into being. The working day world therefore judged the whole of Society by a part—

. . . . . merely born to bloom and drop,
Here on earth they bore their fruitage, mirth and folly were the crop;
What of soul was left, I wonder, when the kissing had to stop?

A Real Aristocracy

But, for all those who posed and glittered in the public eye, there were others of the same social position quietly doing their work in the situation in which they were born, fulfilling their responsibilities as landowners and employers and giving their services to the country and the State. And it is these others—somebody once called them "The Backwoodsmen"—who stand for the real English Society. Nevertheless, in the war the "surface" people have proved the innate grit of the race. Their "kissing had to stop," tragically, but in its stopping it revealed a soul—a great soul. The dictates of that soul must be applied to the future as they were applied in the war. The first step towards reconstruction of the social life is the realisation by Society that extravagance and ostentation are not only vulgar, and therefore unworthy of Society, but that they are actually a public denial of its responsibilities as an example of living to all other sections of the community.

The Royal Example

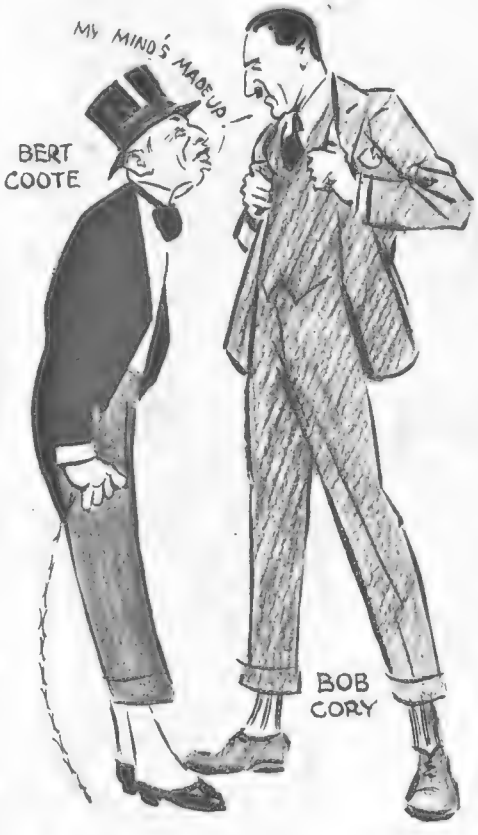
The proof that the people of England look for and understand the example of those in high places was proved beyond all doubt or controversy when the armistice closed the war. Instinctively the people turned to the Throne, because they knew the King and Queen had followed one ideal—Duty If, in these coming days, English Society follows the example set by the Throne, it can become a burning and a shining light in a world of change.

Reconstruction

Temporary reconstruction of a letter-box over the bomb-shattered remains of the old

THE NE

W TURN



By "JINGLE." Illustrated by HARRIS.

THE gentleman in the box office seemed mildly amused at the extravagant idea that he could have any seats to bestow upon the mere Press in view of the very obvious success of this "Song Show." So I broke the news as gently as I could to Harris and led the lad into the dreary shallows of the pit. He choked down a sob as he heard the fatal words from the pay box "standing room only," and I took him inside and stood him up against the wall at the back, and did my best to console him. Every seat in the pit seemed to be occupied. Indeed, one man, a soldier, with that happy faculty of adaptation which they teach you in the Army, was sitting comfortably on his sweetheart's knee. I looked at him searchingly in the faint hope that he might, perhaps, wish to get up and offer me his seat, but I suppose even soldiers cannot be expected to carry politeness that far.

THE entertainment is a most delightful one from first to last. It is, to some extent, a family concert party since the "Us" of the title represents Mr. and Mrs. Clay Smith, the lady being more popularly known as Lee White. But although these two excellent artists take a fair share of the varied entertainment they do not rely on their own talent alone. They have absorbed and refined many of the best "stunts" of the favourite forms of revue, with the result that their medley of song and show has become one of the features of London. By way of a leading comedian they have Mr. Bert Coote, who is here to be seen at his best, while the chorus of flappers is already famous.

THE view of the stage from the back of the pit is somewhat restricted by the length to which the tier above juts out into the auditorium. For the first time in my life, I think, I realised the advantage of being only a small person, since I was able to see quite a lot of what was taking place on the stage. Harris, on the other hand, had to maintain a perpetual stoop in order to get the right perspective.

Indeed, if he had been a foot taller I don't think he would have been able to see much more than the footlights. Of course, he laid the blame for our discomfort on me; but then they all do that. I get used to it. But I don't quite like this chap's way of walking round me as if he were looking for an opening, as it were. I dare say he means well, but it's a bit disquieting for a mildly-disposed person like myself all the same.

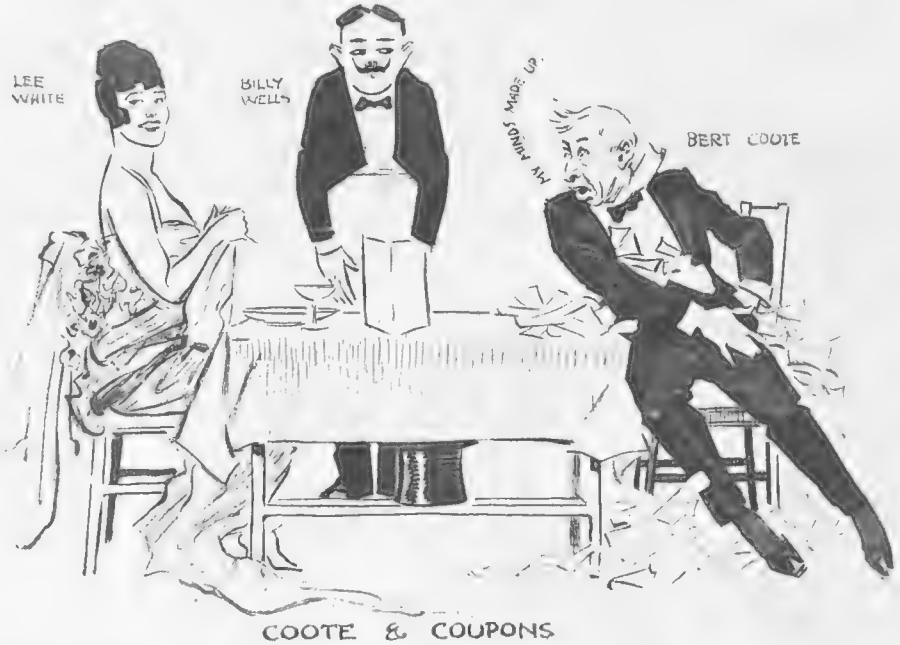
THE opening idea of the story is that Lee White has just bought the theatre by auction, in order to produce an entertainment of her own. And Clay Smith comes in and wants an engagement at his wife's theatre. There is, presumably, some basis of fact for all this gentle nonsense; and the very natural way in which the scene was acted lent colour to the theory. Husband and wife "chip" each other in the daintiest and most amusing way imaginable, and thus give to their performance a quite original charm. Harris spent some time in making sketches most industriously, and then he explained querulously that he had got a crick in his neck and would like to go home. Of course, he is new to the business; but after thirty years or so of dealing with theatrical managers I have learned to be prepared for anything, and I just shifted my weight on to my other foot and said nothing. That, after all, is the better philosophy.

A QUAINT scene is enacted by Lee White and Bert Coote in an imaginary restaurant of the future—or as the future might have been if the war had continued. Bert Coote is taking the lady out to dinner, and for the first course soup is ordered. For this it is necessary that coupons should be produced, but after turning out all his pockets several times, Bert Coote is confronted by the dismal fact that he has left his coupons at home. Consequently the lady dines alone, course by course, it being against the law to offer to her partner even a taste of the good

things set before her. There is nothing much in the turn to describe, but it is made wildly funny by Mr. Coote's extravagant humour and by-play, while Lee White generously sacrifices herself by remaining the foil for his fun.

At this point Harris took a new turn. He began to lean heavily on my shoulder while he sketched, and I had practically to stand at an angle of forty-five degrees to prevent myself from being pushed off my feet altogether. I tried at first to make things even by returning the compliment, but the effort to lean on an object that is a foot or so above your head is never really successful. So I supported the lad's weight as well as I could, wondering fearfully all the while what would happen if my knees should give way under me, and we should collapse together like a house of cards. I felt sure it would be alleged against us that we had come there on purpose to create un untidy scene, and words would pass between us and the management which the friends of both sides would subsequently regret. As it happened, however, I was able to push Harris back into the perpendicular about every quarter of an hour, and in this way I got a few bars rest until he drooped down again.

A very dainty scene is supplied by Clay Smith and "Tommy" Clancy, the latter being a lovely girl of the kind that is known to the cognoscenti as a peach. There is a little flirtation song and then there is a little dance, and just as the scene is nearing its climax, Lee White strolls on and drily hopes that her husband won't interrupt his fun on her account. Here, again, words can convey but poorly the drollery of the scene. You must go to the theatre for yourselves and get familiar with the gentle connubial atmosphere in which these scenes are played. It is all so good humoured and so entirely bright that it is easy to understand that the success of such a novelty should have been immediate and enduring.



COOTE & COUPONS

Monte Wolfe, on the other hand, sings about his wife in an extremely disrespectful way. He announces in a song of gladness that his wife has gone away for the week-end, and that he is rid of her for that much time anyway. And as he announces the joyful tidings he dances for joy, and waves his hands with delight until the spirit of the thing becomes infectious, and a chorus of male voices with a tinge of envy in them whoop out their congratulatory cheers. And then Monte, apparently fearful lest the good news may not have reached the audience in the more distant seats, springs from the stage and runs through the auditorium at a mad pace, shouting the glorious truth as he goes. Anybody observing the tremendous reception that is accorded to this song might conceivably arrive at the rash conclusion that wives are very unpopular institutions with those who are blessed with them.

Perhaps the gem of the evening is Lee White's song, "He's Coming Home." It is just a song about the preparations that are being made for the return of a soldier boy, and it is by turns sentimental and humorous, with an added indefinable quality of excellence due to Lee White's inimitable rendering. Some of the ladies about us had evidently heard it before, as they sang the words softly, sometimes even a little in advance of the performer on the stage. This pleasing little turn was followed by a laughable display of boxing between two sprightly young ladies known as the Eclair Twins; but I was, unfortunately, not able to give the turn the attention it deserved. Two young men on the other side of Harris had suddenly discovered that he was making real sketches, and in their anxiety to see for themselves whether he could draw for nuts or not, they leaned both together on his shoulder. As Harris was at the moment leaning on me, the extra burden was communicated to myself in due course. And there was I manfully supporting the weight of three hefty young men, while I glanced cautiously out of the corner of my eyes at the substantial commissionaire a few steps away. *Us* is an ideal entertainment, but I don't think I have spent such a strenuous evening for a very long time.

Jingle

Reconstructing "The Watch on the Rhine"

The 18th Hussars patrolling the banks of the Rhine at Cologne. Inset shows a detachment of the same regiment guarding a bridge

Photographs *British Official*

This picture illustrates the guarding of the eastern approach to Cologne by our machine gunners. Owing to the riots in Cologne caused by the Bolshevists, which resulted in the killing of numerous civilians, a detachment of British troops was hurried forward, and arrived in the city ahead of scheduled time

For the New Year

By THE OLD GUARD

THE New Year that opens is to be a New Year indeed, since by all signs and tokens it is to be the beginning of a new era upon earth. It were fitting at such a time that all of us that are of mortal clay should make the good resolution of peace with our brother man and let the smaller contentions and rivalries be forgot in the great work that lies before us all of rebuilding humanity anew.

WE ourself, in careful accord with the regular habit of years, now make resolve to adopt a less aggressive tone towards newspaper editors and other small fry with whom, by the mysterious decrees of Heaven, we are called upon to deal in our workaday life. At such an hour as this it would ill become ourself to lag behind the procession that is marching towards brotherhood and universal amity. When all is said, 'tis no fault of ours that those who chaffer with us for our golden thoughts should be persons of such marked inferiority. Fortified by our good resolve, we will henceforth adopt the rule of breeding and politely affect to be unaware of their lamentable littleness. In such wise there shall be peace between us during the opening year, though we shall tolerate no covert and slanderous allusions to our personal habits, and any misguided attempt to thrust us against the wall will have our best and most vigorous attention.

IN the chastened mood that the New Year ever brings, we resolve, as before, that henceforth our diet shall for the greater part consist of cooked cereals and cold tea. It is the regimen commended to us by a distinguished man of letters, since dead of chronic anæmia; and in our periodic craving for monastic simplicity of life, we begin the new year usually in this debilitating way with the best and most honourable intent. By the law of the things that are, however, we find ourself at the end of the week not only with the indiscriminating appetite of a famished ostrich, but also, as the result of our unusual frugality, with a quite ridiculous preponderance of income over liabilities. Wherefore are we cast back, in spite of our better self, into the beef and beer brigade once more, and our good intentions are recklessly flung to the region that is said to be paved with them.

WITH the beginning of a new year it is our invariable rule to resolve to set our private financial position on a more scientific and enduring basis. We have very properly come to the conclusion that it is hurtful to the dignity of a man of distinction like ourself to be obliged to slink hurriedly and furtively into a side street because some graceless person, whom we have permitted to make us a trifling advance in the past, is approaching us with optimistic but sadly unjustifiable hopes of immediate reimbursement. We have sat down and with commendable diligence we have written in a book all possible items of legitimate expenditure which, set against the amount of our income for the period, disclose, with a fine mathematical precision, a substantial and certain balance in hand at the end of the month. But the arithmetical subtleties of a Cocker or a Colenso collapse sadly enough in the cold, pale light of truth. The amiable theories may be sound; but the fact as we have found it is that at the end of the month we are nothing in hand and several half-crowns to the bad.

YET it would seem that with the new order of politics there is hope for the fiscal regeneration even of such as ourself. There are public men in the limelight who would have it the rule of our national life that even though a man will not work nevertheless he shall eat. We are to have our wages paid to us whether we be diligent or slothful; and if in our unprejudiced view they be not enough to maintain us in the state of comfort which we conceive to be our right, we may have that wage increased by the simple process of holding a turbulent meeting in Trafalgar Square. Speaking for ourself personally, this is to our mind an ideal way of governing a country, and we can but marvel that no one should have discovered it before.

MICROBE PHOTOGRAPHY: TEARS
The kind of microbe that multiplies rapidly after a round of the sales

Party Feeling

FATHER *(to young host)*: "Hullo! what's the meaning of this?"
SON: "Huh! Anybody would think it was *their* party the way they are enjoying themselves"

The Bystander Overseas

Eating Paper-Pulp at Abo

BY THE BYSTANDER IN FINLAND

THE Scandinavian Bystander is completing his tour of the hyperborean neutral States by a flying trip to Finland. To Abo! Abo is only a "former capital"; and, of course, the Scandinavian Bystander would sooner go to leafy Helsingfors, with the nice old statue of poet Runeberg on the chief boulevard and the quizzical New-Art railway station; but at present Helsingfors is Hel——. It has seven thousand Prussians there under a certain von der Goltz; and for three solid days no bread has been dealt out, so that unless you are a "goulasch" millionaire, who can pay 72 marks a pound for meat, or a human horse that can eat ground-up trees, the latest surrogate in these ultra-hungry parts, you will probably starve to death.

Compared with hellish Helsingfors, Abo is a paradise. It is pronounced Oboe, by the way. You eat fish! For three delirious days the Scandinavian Bystander sat in the Phœnix Hotel and ate *Lutsfisk* for breakfast, *torskfisk* for luncheon, and *stroemmingfisk* for dinner. He got real rye-bread, too, once—a whole three ounces of it; and on the last day he called on a Swedo-Finnish professor who fed him with what the peasants are mostly eating, pine-bark bread, and a sloppy dish of cellulose meal—in plain English, paper-pulp—on which, it has been proved, a man, or even a horse, can live for a month. It is made by treating honest fir-trunks with sulphuric acid. The Scandinavian Bystander found it insipid, and it is said to lack albumen; but a useful German professor has invented a supplementary gluten surrogate food; and if you gorge the two together you are said to wax fat.

Abo, as the Scandinavian Bystander has said already, is quite a nice townlet, inhabited by Swedes, who do not sing their language as they do in poetic Stockholm, and by Finns, who, when they have mastered the fifteen declensions of their gnarled tongue, can say with a single word: "Spread your cellulose pancake with German gluten surrogate!" (Enough of the food question.—ED. BYSTANDER. Yes; but not enough of the food.—Bystander in Scandinavia.) The fact is, the food question, the question, of Monarchy or Republic, and when shall we get rid of von der Goltz? are the only questions in Finland.

The Bystander in Abo discussed the Finnish question with six professors. All Finnish parties—Old Finns, Young Finns, Swedes, and even Agrarians—are run by professors. The professors advised the Scandinavian Bystander to go on to Helsingfors; and assured him: "On the critical German question do not worry; since the collapse in France the Huns are thoroughly tamed; and there are lots of Entente citizens in Helsingfors. As for the food quest—— here is an introduction to Professor Dr. Lindendahl, who has invented an excellent surrogate for eggs. And it's worth seeing Helsingfors without *any* bread. Even Germany has never been in such a plight."

The Scandinavian Bystander declined. It is quite easy to get from happy and fishy Abo back to Stockholm by steamer; but Helsingfors is another problem. So he stayed and talked politics. The professors assured him that the main facts of Finland's politics are these: (1) the White Government is unshakably established, and the Bolshevist Reds, who made the rebellion last winter, are squashed; (2) Finland has under arms 100,000 warriors, all well (somewhat Germanically) drilled, under a stiff native martinet named Thesloff; (3) the warriors, despite the universal hunger, each get 500 grammes of bread a day; and as a result every Finnish mother is singing that ancient song, "We *did* bring up our boy to be a sodjer!"

(*Continued on page 36*)

HISTORY

TEACHER: "Who caused the German Reformation?"
PUPIL: "Marshal Foch!"

Paris Parisian Again

FASHIONS NOTED IN THE BOIS, BY HELEN McKIE

Point 4, said the six professors, is that the Monarchy plan is dead. When first Prince Friedrich-Karl of Hesse was offered the throne he graciously accepted it; but when last month Professor Schybergson went to offer it again (times having changed), Friedrich-Karl answered modestly: "You must leave the question over, as I do not want to compromise you with the Entente." (5) Since then (the Hun collapse having gone further still), the Old Finns, Young Finns, Swedes, and Agrarians agreed that pro-Germanism must cease. Finland must be no longer prejudiced. So the pro-German Chief of the State, M. Svinhufud, has to go; and (6) All parties have agreed to offer the temporary "crown" to General Baron Mannerheim, the sturdy commander who beat the Red Bolshevists last winter, and before that, as a Russian officer, beat the Austrians in Galicia.

When the Scandinavian Bystander had assimilated these facts and two dishes of fishes, he took a steamer trip through the "Skaergord" archipelago, outside Abo. It is a pretty place, with seven million islets and winding channels. When the Scandinavian Bystander reached Pargos Islet (which sounds Greek), he got ashore with an enormous appetite, and made for an inn; and (the food question again!) he was offered three kinds of fish, *lutsfisk*, *torskfisk* and *stroemmingfisk*. "No, we have no bread," said the landlord; "but if you wait a bit, perhaps I can borrow some cellulose (paper-pulp) flour on the island opposite."

The Scandinavian Bystander waited. In the land of Huns but no honey, the land of a Thousand Lakes but no cakes, patience is a virtue.

The Bystander in Paris

THE HOMECOMING. Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS—

THERE is very much that we discuss now how they will be, all our *poilus*, when they come back. It is a subject very important, and one does not speak of it without to think. But, like all that is of a great importance, one does not arrive easily to decide, and the Government does not at all help.

REGARD, my friends, how it is four years that they are *au front*, our men, with only the *permission* of twenty days in each year. One changes like that. One is not more used to have the ideas domestic. Even one does not altogether, it may be, wish to have any more the same ideas, and it is then a situation very grave for one's family.

"A great man with a beard like a bush has taken her in his arms"

THERE is, for example, René Lougère, who has made so much trouble to Madame Lougère when he was come home for his last *permission*, because he has insisted to leave the windows open all the night and she has had so great fear to have the *pneumonie* that they have quarrelled very bad. He has said how she was old-fashioned and wished him to regret that the war of the great out-of-doors was finished. And she has said how he was cruel and a tyrant and wished her to die.

SHE has so much cried when she has told me how they were unhappy. "But Agnès," she has said, "it was always before the war that my René has done everything that I have wished. Never, never has he had the thought to obstinate himself. It was even once that he was begun to smoke a pipe, and when I have cried he has thrown it into the garden.

"He smokes the pipe like the Englishman"

"BUT now—oh, how it is cruel, the war!—he is *tout à fait* changed. All the day he smokes the pipe like an Englishman, and when I have this time cried he has made to blow the smoke in my hair. And to demand that I should sleep one half in the street! Never, never will I again consent! I will have the divorce, I will have an *amant* like in the *romans* of Gyp, I will throw at him the vitriol like one reads what they do in the papers, but to consent—never, never!"

SHE has not much a philosophy, the poor Madame Lougère, and for me I like better the René of after the war, who is not so timid to do what he likes even when his wife makes the *Niobé*.

AND there are others of our friends who have so strange

(*Continued on page 40*)

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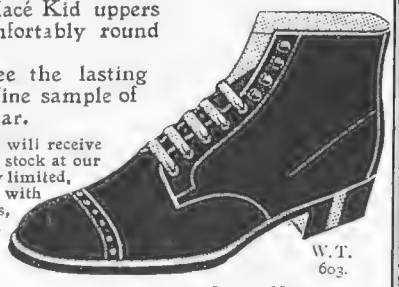

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APHORISMS PERSONIFIED.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

"Love's Revolt"

VULGARITY is the vogue. It is possible to vulgarise oneself on refinement, but it is preferable to refine oneself on vulgarity. And contracting a fashionable disease, I am impelled to operate aphoristically.

* * *

Truth has become a stranger. It is therefore almost as amusing to write the truth as to listen to a good lie. I lead an amusing life.

* * *

I occasionally converse truthfully, but it requires much explaining, and—the day is so short.

* * *

My views on any subject can be stated in five words: "I disagree with most people." This is no proof of insanity.

* * *

National ideals are not merely beautiful in conception; they are the subtlest argument to empower the conscription of liberty.

* * *

War brings the most affluent emotions to human nature. Should you doubt this, ask the Brewers and the Bureaucrats.

* * *

If one accepts Christianity heaven must now be overflowing with young men. Hell will fill up later when the old men die—naturally.

* * *

When the Profiteer is asked, "What did you do in the great war, daddy?" he will be able to answer proudly, "I did well."

* * *

It is more logical for sterile spinsters to theorise on love than for childless men to dogmatise on the future of "our children."

* * *

I do not really like commercialism, but I appreciate caviare and a Rolls-Royce. And so I am commercial—occasionally.

* * *

My only objection to business is that it interferes with pleasure.

* * *

Wisdom is negative unless it enables one to appreciate the joy of foolishness.

* * *

Unless handicapped by education, it is not really difficult to become a millionaire if one is unscrupulous, but it impairs the mental and physical digestion. "It is a sad irony that virtuous men do not attract women. Perhaps they fear chastity might prove contagious."

* * *

War-time increases should be anything but a boast, but from 1909 to to 1914 the business of Pope and Bradley increased 1,000 per cent. So appearances convict me of commercialism. But no credit is due for commercial success. It requires an ordinary intelligence. This may, of course, read as a reflection on the average intelligence.

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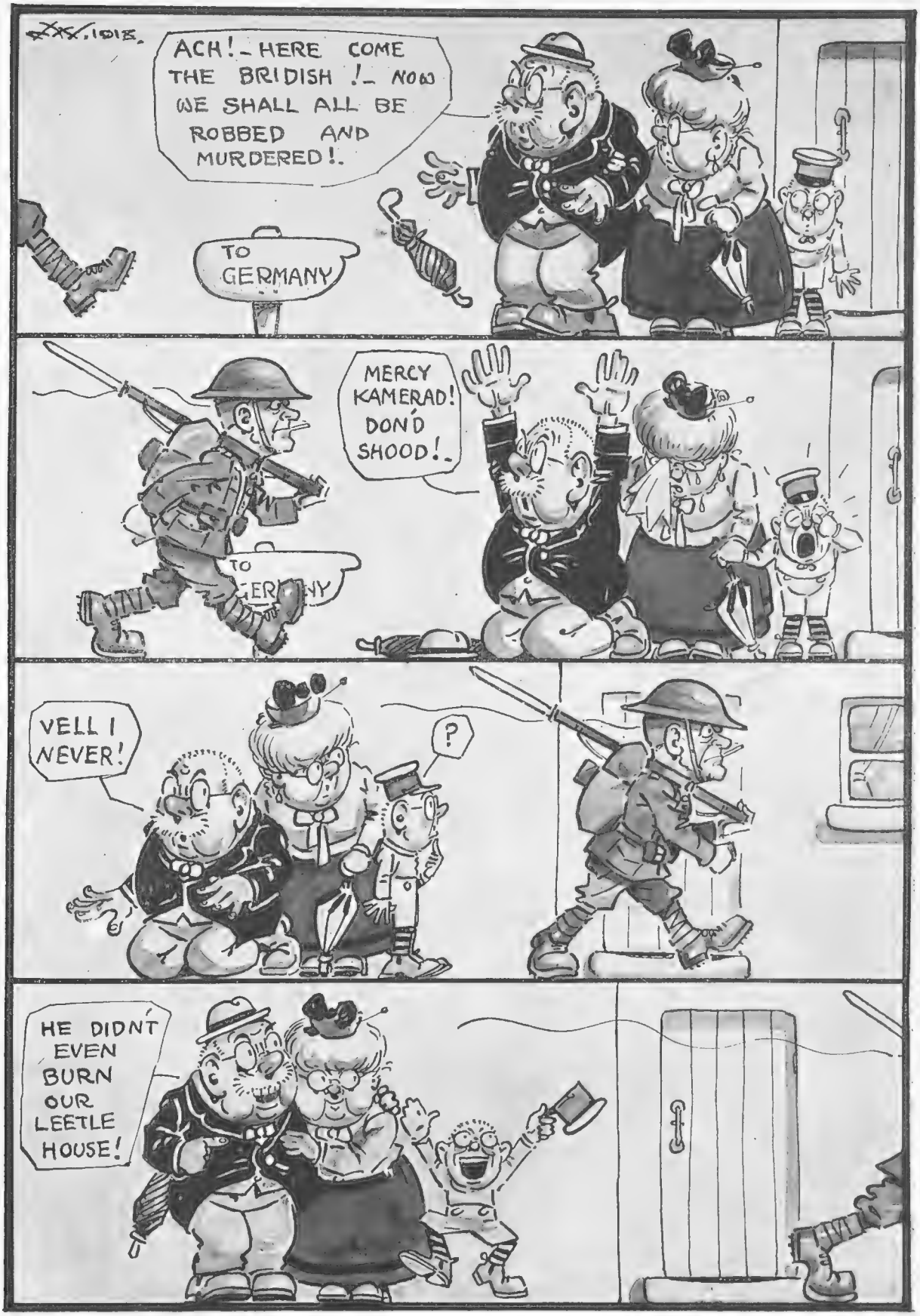
On the Rhine



THE HUN MEETS A GENTLEMAN

experience of their husbands. There was Monsieur de Bérys, who has been a prisoner since two years and was returned last week. He has sent a *dépêche* from Nancy that he was to arrive and for three hours Madame de Bérys has attended at the station with their son, *le petit* Jean, who has not at all remembered his father.

"For me . . . . to kiss a man rasé it is like to kiss a girl"

WHAT excitement it has been to wait and to see the train. But everywhere the poor Madame de Bérys has looked to see her Jean who was so handsome. Almost she has commenced to weep that he was not come, and then a great man with a beard like a bush, a mètre of length, has taken her in his arms, and kissed her so much. Almost she has slapped him the face, and then she has seen that the eyes of the man with the great beard were the eyes of her Jean.

BUT now she is not content because she says it is like to live with another husband to have this great hairy one and she has asked that he shall shave his beard like he has done before the war. But he has said no—it is now too cold to cut off so beautiful a waistcoat and he will wait till it is the summer time.

IT is there one thing that the war has changed of our men. They do not any more wear the *favoris* and the beard but only the moustache like the Englishmen, unless they are of the *musique* or artists. It is a subject that we have discussed and we are decided that we like best the men *tout rasés* or with the little moustache. But old Madame de Grangerie, Jacqueline's mother, who has heard our argument and has lived a very long time, has said very quiet: "For me, *mes enfants*, to kiss a man *rasé* it is like to kiss a girl. One has not emotion. *Mais non*, for me I prefer *les vrais poilus*."

IT is perhaps that Madame de Grangerie is right. When one has not the experience one must not have the *ton tranchant*, but all the same I do not wish that our Frenchmen should let grow again their beards.

THERE is one thing very grave of which we have a fear. All those messieurs who have fought

"Brought back so great branches of the mistletoe"

are become very proud and independent. There is, for example, Susanne Duvernoy, who has two brothers who are *décoré* in the war, *chevaliers de la Legion d'honneur* with the *Medaille Militaire*. They are *beaux garçons*. One does not wish that they should not be proud, but Susanne has told us that when M. Duvernoy has said to Henri, the *aîné*, that he should marry Mlle. Bernay, who has a *dot* of a hundred thousand francs, Monsieur Henri, who was a nothing before the war, has said: "Oh, *mais non*, papa, I can do better now than that. There are not so many for the girls to have and I am *décoré*."

IT is so that one sees how there will be a new war and the *jeunes filles* who have not a career except to be married must begin to make their campaign. We have talked much to have the vote in France like you have now in England, but it is not much the vote except to make the old men who wish to be *députés* send the invitations to the receptions. I think, perhaps, that we will find another way to make these so proud young men change the ideas of their heads.

WHEN Lucile and I were gone last week to choose our new evening frocks our dressmaker has said how that already they have more commands than they can make. There were in the one morning a twenty girls who were busy to try on the robes and to be measured. And perhaps it will be that if these *poilus* are *trop difficiles* one can always make the marriage *Anglais ou Américain*.

BUT it is perhaps that I speak too soon of these grave questions. One can best wait, and it is the time now to make the campaign to enjoy our holidays. Lucile and I went to the country and brought back so great branches of the mistletoe and the holly and made gay our *appartement* like you do in England. And oh, my friends, how it will be gay this our *jour de l'an. Tiens!* To think for what they have hoped, *ces Boches!*

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BOOKS of the WEEK

A Fine Story

In *Beautiful End* (Mills and Boon: 6*s.* net) I am inclined to think that Miss Constance Holme has written her best book. The story itself is simple—one of those small but poignant tragedies of eviction which I doubt not have been frequent enough in that bleak north-west corner of England which Miss Holme knows and loves so well. Idle dreams, of course, do not make for good farming; and old Kit no doubt wasted precious hours by the score dreaming of nothing very much except those haunting mysteries which seem to lurk only in the loneliest corners. But you are sorry for him when he is turned out of Beautiful End. Tom, the younger son, you would think, could surely rent the place and give the old man a bed. Tom had saved money enough, but Agnes was not ready to marry him then, and Beautiful End goes into strange hands.

❋ ❋

Dreams and the Reality

And so old Kit with his fiddle is driven off to the eldest son's house, and there is terrorised into obedience by his shrew-cat of a daughter-in-law. Margot is hateful, a very goddess of hate; but even she cannot steal his dreams and the battered old fiddle. Then when Tom and Agnes ultimately marry and rent Beautiful End again, they invite the old man home. Very beautifully indeed does Miss Holme describe how they try to make things comfortable against his return. Kit comes—but the old home has changed. The fiddle won't play. Kit must go back, and go back he does—back to the terrible Margot—and you are left aghast at the tragedy of it all. It is a distinguished piece of work, possibly a little too long, but always gracious and fine.

❋ ❋

A New Writer

Mr. C. Brooke Elliott would seem to be a new writer. He has the prettiest sense of humour. His book, *A Bored Ship Idyll* (Allen and Unwin: 6*s.* net), is not much more than a series of sketches on board a passenger-steamship's homeward voyage in time of war, but it is genuinely witty and amusing. Major Chusney, from India, may be rather absurd, but a number of Indian majors do become rather absurd in their old age. Miss Ireland and Mr. Lightfoot will, of course, marry some time or other, but your early knowledge of this fact in no way detracts from your pleasure in reading about them. It is not often that a first novel rouses in the reviewer so honest a desire for more.

❋ ❋

A First Novel

A first novel which leaves the usual tracks is Mr. Alexander Macfarlane's *Mockery* (Heinemann: 6*s.* net). It is daring of the author to strip his hero of all decent qualities—possibly too daring. But Deadly-Earnest Grant, without ever obtaining

(*Continued on page 44*)

THE FREEDOM OF THE TEAS

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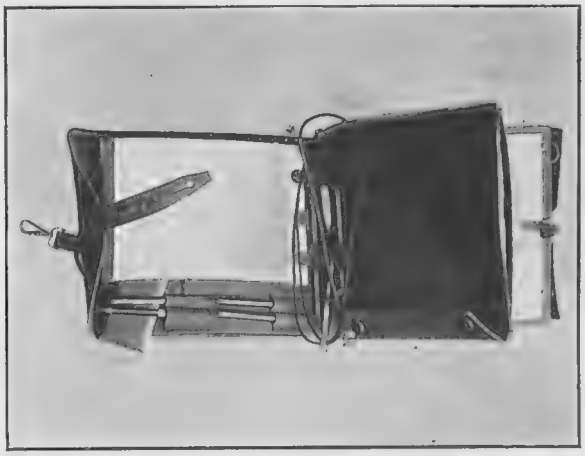

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BOOKS OF THE WEEK (concluded)

the smallest spark of your sympathy, demands your interest. He is rotten through and through, and so is his friend, the religious but execrable Mr. Govan. So is his official *fiancée*. Nor is the doctor who performs his social experiment on Grant much more sympathetic. In fact, with the exception of a little girl, bred in a convent, who comes out into the wide world on her own, none of the characters conforms to the recognised standard. It is altogether an odd sort of book, which leads you to wonder what its author will do when he gets to work on more pleasing material.

⁂ ⁂

A Serious Work

To those readers who are familiar with Mr. A. M. Ludovici's literary work, the news that he has written a novel may be piquant. Before the appearance of *Mansel Fellowes* (Grant Richards: 6*s.* net) Mr. Ludovici was known only as philosopher and critic. After reading his new book with considerable pleasure and with none of that hurried duty-feeling, which so often has to be summoned to one's aid, I have come to the conclusion that while in itself the book is really interesting as a coolly-expressed view of life, merely as a novel it does not reach the heights. Perhaps it is not sufficiently dynamic. And the hero, who might be a creation of Stendhal's, is a poor sort of creature; otherwise he would not so frequently have allowed himself to be torn between the two opposing philosophies of Dr. Melhado, the Jewish doctor, who wishes for ordered beauty in life, and the Roman Catholic priest, who naturally wishes for something else. Mr. Ludovici would assuredly admit that a man should be his own backbone, yet he makes Richard a boneless fellow, unable to extricate himself from a position which is by no means unique. True, if he had been anything else Mr. Ludovici could not have described the struggle between his two would-be mentors, and here there is some powerful writing which brings a thrill in its trail. Even so, however, there is something disappointing about it all. On the other hand, with all its little faults of technique, such as the lecture-like dialogue, *Mansel Fellowes* is not in any way to be classed with the ordinary novel, and will delight people who do not read novels merely because they have nothing else to do. It starts you thinking.

⁂ ⁂

A Readable Novel

There is nothing very much to distinguish *Minniglen* (Murray: 7*s.* net.), by Agnes and Egerton Castle, from a host of other novels, but it is eminently readable. There is the poor aristocratic Anne Joscelyn who has a chance of marrying into the rich Hanks family, and there is the somewhat unusual Highland laird whom she eventually does marry. The war takes him to France, after he has behaved rather curiously to her, and being blinded, he naturally recovers his sight on the last page. The authors, however, have invented one situation of undoubted originality, though whether they have used it to the best advantage is another matter. R. S.

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SHAPE 25

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A Motor Note

TRUE to its wonted hospitality the motor industry has resuscitated the pleasant custom of the directors inviting their staff to dinner, so that over the festive board ideas may be ventilated to the benefit of all concerned. At a happy gathering of this nature recently, the directors of Messrs. D. Napier and Son, Ltd., entertained ninety-two members of their *personnel*. Mr. Harry T. Vane, C.B.E., was in the chair and in a brief speech hoped for shorter hours of labour with payment by results, as it was undoubtedly the best work that told in the end as well as protecting the future welfare of the country against foreign competition. The Napier "Lion" aero engine has proved a success while the 1919 six-cylinder Napier motor car was intended to be worthy of the traditions of the firm which had originated this type of vehicle. As an example of quality, it was stated by another speaker, Mr. J. Ridlington, the works manager, that a Napier transport lorry which left England with the First Expeditionary Force, in 1914, was still running after four years' strenuous work, including the retreat from Mons. Even the authorities appreciated its merits as it had been christened "Charley's Aunt," and they had allowed the name to be painted on both sides of the chassis. As to this latter fact I am puzzled—why *both* sides?

JUDGING by the remarks made by a large number of young men when asked what they are going to do after leaving the Services, the motor industry is going to receive a huge increase in the number of motor sellers that reminds me of the boom ten years ago. I am afraid a lot of these young men will get somewhat of a shock if they think they are going to carry on this business on the lines of the past, as competition is severer to-day than ever. Prices will only allow small profits for the dealer comparative to the times gone by, when one rushed over to Paris, had three days' bust, bought a car for £350 or so, and brought it back to England to find an easy sale for £700. Nowadays the motor business has got to be conducted on proper commercial lines, and there is no room for the light and airy, have-a-good-time sales methods of the past.

BUT I must come down to earth for a while as someone whispered to me after lunch at the R.A.C. (I presume it has resumed its old style and title now) that Coatalen was going to put his air-motor engine into his land motor-car as one of the Sunbeam new models. It will be some sport car, honey, I can tell you, as in 1915 I was present at the test of this engine, which developed in the tethered aeroplane under the testing shed 120 h.p. under very moderate revs., and although this was far from its zenith of power, it is quite enough to go upon to guess that the 1919 Sports de Luxe Sunbeam six-cylinder effort will be as good.

***

THE annual general meeting of the Cycle and Motor Trades Benevolent Fund was held at the Connaught Rooms, on Thursday, Dec. 12, 1918, Sir Charles C. Wakefield presiding, and some forty-three members being present. The report stated that the thirteenth year of the Fund's existence had been unprecedentedly successful, the membership roll increasing by 1,566 names, and the financial position improving to the extent of £2,715. OLD HY.

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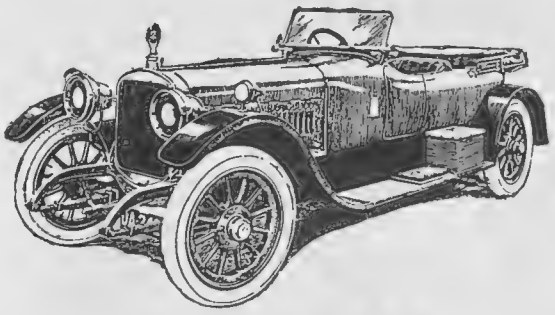

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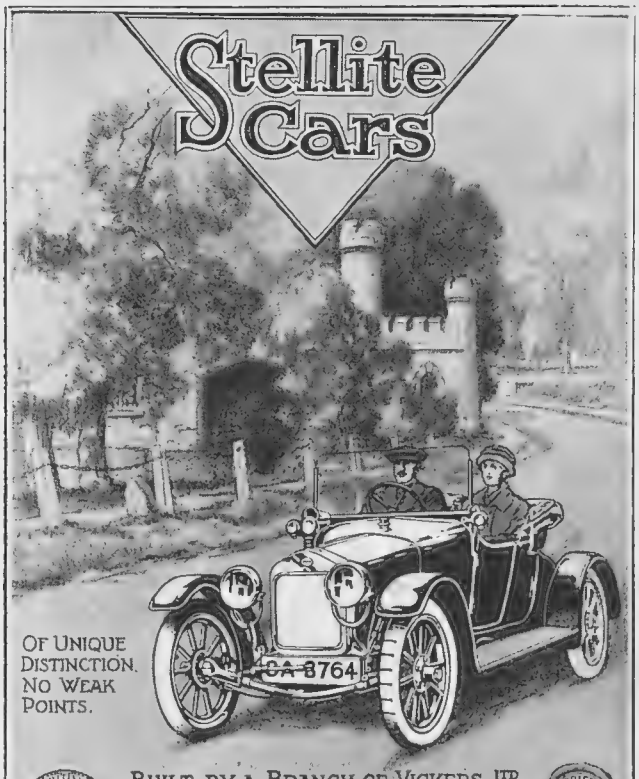

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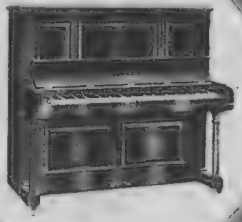

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FASHION'S FANCIES

By MRS. JACK MAY

How perfectly charming dress is, or can be, if only it is handled by the right people, and, perhaps I should add, worn by the same right folk. Because the modes of the day do require wearing, and the simpler the styles the more this holds good. There is also a little *dégagé* air that only the elect seem to appreciate, a careless little droop here of a collar, or a wide sleeve that runs up and down the arm, a studied indifference that only comes with the inherent sense of clothes, which the populace, be they never so blessed with the necessary but weighty pennies, can never hope to achieve.

The Jumper-Blouse

Now here is a novelty, and one that brings us into line with the sales, those biannual events of interesting excitement, that come upon us directly Christmas is over. For these jumper-blouses the eye must be kept alert for short lengths of charmeuse, satin *beauté*, jersey cloth, and the like, and preferably of neutral tint, so that they will marry amiably with any dark skirt. "Noreen," who is equally impressed with the cachet of these jumper-blouses, shows an original suggestion in her first sketch, which we are persuaded would be ideal in deep cream jersey cloth—silk jersey, of course, for choice—embroidered in yellow wool. A particular feature is the high neck, the diagonal entrance being accentuated by little knitted tabs of the wool. Then to break the severity, a box-pleat is arranged over either shoulder, disappearing in front under a cute little breast pocket, more of the knitted tabs ornamenting the capuchin sleeve. The gabardine skirt could be navy, nigger, or green, the box-pleat in front repeated at the back, and the plain panel sides ornamented with slit pockets decked with small self-covered buttons.

Jumpers of every description are continuing to run a merry and successful career, although the penalty for such popularity is a growing fastidiousness for original and distinctive touches, a demand that is fulfilled by fringes of silk and monkey fur, cleverly disposed embroideries, and quaintly fashioned sleeves. One realises at once the value of models that have emanated from an exclusive source. These never fail to embody some telling feature, and those destined for afternoon and quiet home evening wear are perfectly fascinating arranged in deep flounce lengths of metal embroidered ninon, and embroidered net, dainty ephemeralities that naturally exact some dainty under-bodice of the glorified camisole order.

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Designed by "Noreen"

The Craze for Carreau Effects

There is a tenacity in the pursuit of this fantasy that is little short of amazing. Every week almost some fresh expression is exploited, and the latest efforts certainly tend to the startling and rather bizarre. A black velvet *manteau* was seen the other day worked from top to edge with large even squares of grey wool, a contrast that was picked up in a great smoke-grey fox collar. Even fur coats are trimmed with *carrés* of another fur, and the most extravagant note of all are the squares of sampler beads, frequently introduced in the satin *doublure* of an evening wrap. Squares of chinchilla on a black satin wrap alternated with similar squares of black jet beading. It is, of course, one way of using up scraps and ends, but it seems rather ruthless to snip up good bits of fur to arrive at an effect that, like every fashion that has ever been, will have its

FASHION'S FANCIES (continued)

little system and cease to be. There are rumours, not too well authenticated however, that check materials will be strongly emphasised in the spring.

Alliance of Nasturtium-Coloured Velvet and Nutria

I HAVE been besieged for suggestions for evening wraps, a subject that was enlarged upon last week. So for this "Noreen" has come into the arena with one of her capital original inspirations, that will, I am pretty confident, meet the taste of many a debating mind. For artistic loveliness, we have selected nasturtium velvet, a *nuance* that is bright and enlivening, and would certainly not quarrel with any delicate-toned evening gown, while over black it would verily be perfection. Nutria is the fur suggested, and I have to call particular attention to the manner in which the under part of the wide wing sleeve is held to the figure by a loose, free belt. There is something particularly regal about the collar, which is modelled to slip the shoulders and stand away like a monk's cowl from the back of the head; and this is essentially one of the *manteaux de soie* that gain immeasurably by the addition of some beautiful *doublure*. Also, I am persuaded to point out that despite the colouring this is a wrap that may safely be trusted to exploit tubes and trains when taxis fail.

EVENING WRAP OF VELVET AND NUTRIA
Designed by "Noreen"

Economy of the One-Colour Scheme

IF there is one individual for whom I have an admiration surpassing all words, it is the girl who administers a small dress allowance in such a way as to bring about the requisite variety of effect. More of years ago than I quite like to recall, I was advocating the working basis of a one-colour scheme. Clothes bought here, there, and everywhere, on the impulse of the moment, must inevitably result in a hopeless, heterogenous muddle. Well, in those far-away days, when I was pressing home, largely on my own initiative, the economy and artistic results of arranging the dress for each season, as it arrives along, on a one-colour basis, there were nothing like the opportunities that prevail at present, alike in modes and choice of colouring. Two soft satin skirts, one black

(*Continued on page 52*)

Wilson & Gill

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—Mr. A. J. C.

a cup of
Rowntree's
Elect Cocoa
makes a biscuit into a meal

FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded)

and the other the wearer's pet colour, or the *nuance* most becoming to her, can be induced to play many parts supplemented by tunics, those jolly little straight chemise over-dresses, jumpers, and for evening wear complete gowns of georgette and chiffon, to which the satin slip provides the requisite support. Over the black slip practically anything can be worn, from serge, duvetyn, and the like, to the filmiest lace or transparency. While with the colour there are browns that range through copper up to the loveliest flame tints, blues that start with navy and run the whole gamut to a delicate powdery hue, including, of course, *en route*, the much-loved Madonna, and the distinctive *nuance* entitled "Foch."

And as with the large items of dress, so equally with the smaller which are so important to-day, does the one-colour scheme spell economy. Footwear and stockings stand out prominent features, the cost of both being really serious at the moment, together with hats, furs, gloves and *en tout cas*. If, however, all of these component parts of an attractive *ensemble* are made the subject of a special campaign, only harmony can prevail, which, in addition to a restrained expenditure, frankly renders the suggestion well worth pondering over.

Always Young

The worry and stress of the past four years have impressed the marks of care and age on many women. Now that better days have come, it is the duty of everyone to recover youthful brightness and to remove the traces of the sad years. Too busy to give full attention to their hair, or perhaps growing grey before their time, ladies find that their tresses have lost beauty and colour and gloss. All that can be effectively remedied by the use of the shampoo preparations of the Kopatine Cie, at 34, Buckingham Palace Road, where in beautiful salons the best method of treating and preserving the hair is demonstrated by experts.

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A large selection of Captain Bruce Bairnsfather's famous cartoons have been embodied in calendars of three classes. At 1*s.* (post free, 1*s.* 3*d.*), the pictures are reproduced in photogravure and mounted on white art plate-sunk mounts; at 1*s.* 6*d.* (post free, 1*s.* 9*d.*), in colours, mounted buff, 16½ in. x 11 in.; in coloured relief, mounted on cream boards, size 15 in. x 10 in., with calendar suspended on ribbon, at 3*s.* (post free, 3*s.* 3*d.*) The "Fragments from France" calendars may be had from Messrs. A. and N. Jones and Co., 64, Fore Street. London, E.C. 2.

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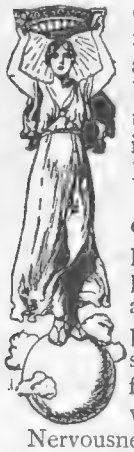

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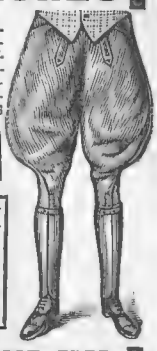

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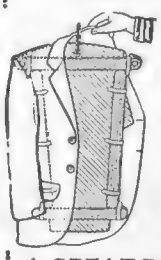

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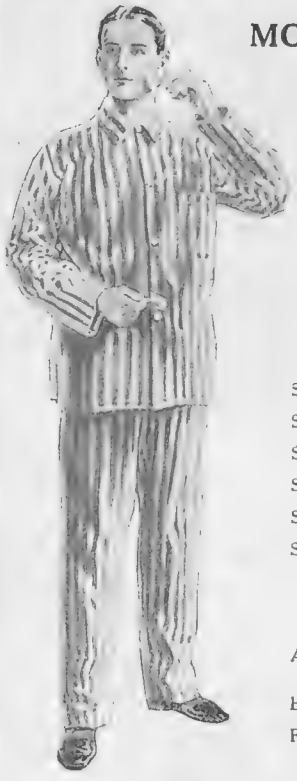

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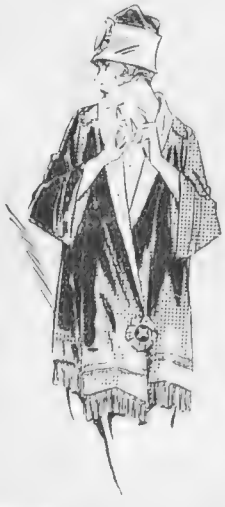

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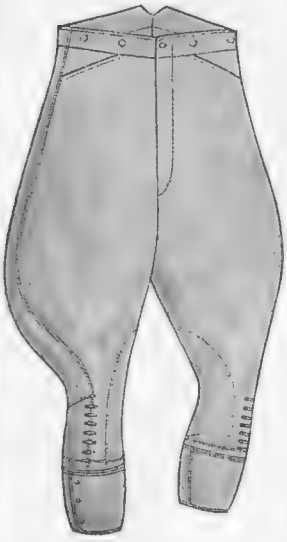

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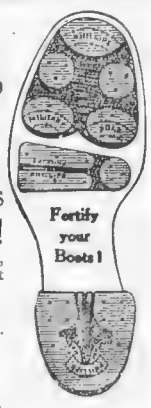

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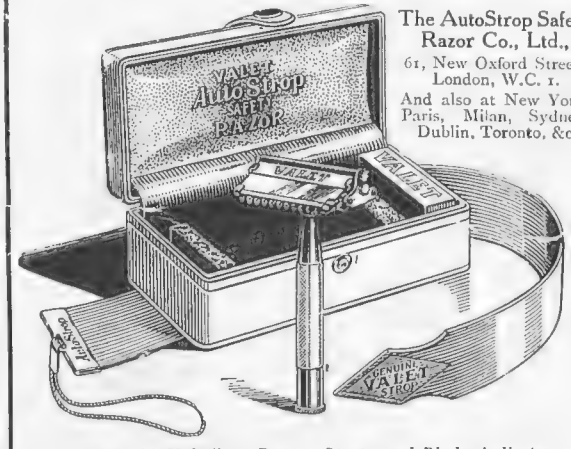

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R.S. "PAMELA." Charming Frock in Georgette, on a silk foundation. In mole, grey, navy, saxe, and parma. **Sale Price £5·19·6**

R.S. "VICTORY." Charming Gown in Velveteen. Double skirt on silk foundation. Sleeves and vest of Georgette over touch of tinsel lace. In black only. **Sale Price £7·19·6**

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These Gowns cannot be sent on approval.

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Crêpe de Chine Nightdress to match, Vandyked edge, French cut. Slotted with Ribbon. In White, Sky, Pink, Helio and Citron.

SALE PRICE **48/-**

Crêpe de Chine Chemise, Vandyked edge, Ribbon Slotted Waist, Ribbon Shoulder Straps. In White, Sky, Pink, Helio and Citron.

SALE PRICE **24/6**

Camisole to match. Ribbon slotted and Shoulder Strap, Elastic Waist. In White, Sky, Pink, Helio and Citron

PRICE **9/11**

Crêpe de Chine Knickers, French cut, Vandyked edge, Closed Shape. In White, Sky, Pink, Helio and Citron.

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THE MENU

Some Sweet Dishes for a New Year's Party

LEMON MOULD
GÂTEAU DE RIZ
ORANGE MERINGUE
ICED VENICE MOULD
STONE CREAM
CHOCOLATE BLANCMANGE

Lemon Mould

Mix 2 oz. of cornflour with a little water and put the remainder of a pint of water into a pan with 4 oz. of granulated sugar and the grated rind of two lemons. Bring to the boil and boil five minutes. Strain into the cornflour the juice of the two lemons and the yolks of two eggs. Stir until it boils and boil three minutes. When set, turn out of the mould.

Gâteau de Riz

Cook 2 oz. of ground rice in a pint of milk until it thickens, then take it from the fire and stir into it 1½ oz. of white sugar and a small cupful of sieved raspberry jam. Dissolve ½ oz. of gelatine in hot water and strain it into the rice. Colour with a little cochineal and put into a mould to stand till next day.

Orange Meringue

Peel and slice three oranges, sprinkle with white sugar, and put them into a pie-dish. Cook the rind of the oranges in half a pint of milk and when boiling strain the milk. Make a custard of it with a dessertspoonful of cornflour and the yolks of two eggs. Pour over the oranges. When cold and set, beat the whites stiffly, add a little sugar and lemon juice, and pile on the top. Put it in the oven to set and serve cold.

Iced Venice Mould

Make about three-quarters of a pint of custard (Bird's custard powder will answer nicely for this dish); at the bottom of a mould put a little jam and a few sweetmeats, such as preserved cherries and little strips of angelica; on these pour a little of the custard, then add some sponge cakes which have been soaked in a little wine, a little more jam, and fill up the mould with custard. Set in a cool place in the larder and turn out next day. One of Chivers's jelly tablets can be used instead of custard—if liked.

Stone Cream

Boil ½ oz. of gelatine in a little milk until dissolved, then add half a pint of milk, a wineglassful of Marsala the peel of a lemon and the juice of half, and granulated sugar to taste. Whisk them together until it thickens. Put in a mould and leave to set.

Chocolate Blancmange

Dissolve 1 oz. of gelatine in half a pint of milk. Put in a basin 2 oz. of cocoa or chocolate and mix it well with 6 oz. of sugar into a paste with a little milk. Put the gelatine on the fire with the rest of the milk (one pint in all) and when nearly boiling add the chocolate paste. Boil for twelve minutes, stirring well, and put into a mould to set.

EMILIA

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NATURAL MEDICINE

For Restoring the Nation's Health

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This points to the need for Ker-nak, the new family medicine of unapproachable excellence from a therapeutical standpoint, as well as distinguished by its greatest suitability for sickness contracted under present-day conditions of living.

Ker-nak is unique as regards both its origin and its soothing, beneficial action. Each dose brings unmistakable improvement in the bodily health. The most obstinate and long-standing symptoms of liver, stomach, and blood troubles cannot resist the potent rectifying influence stored up in the small compass of a Ker-nak pill.

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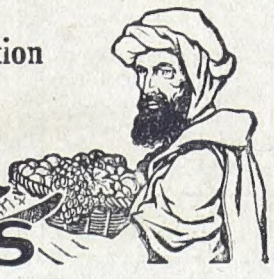

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